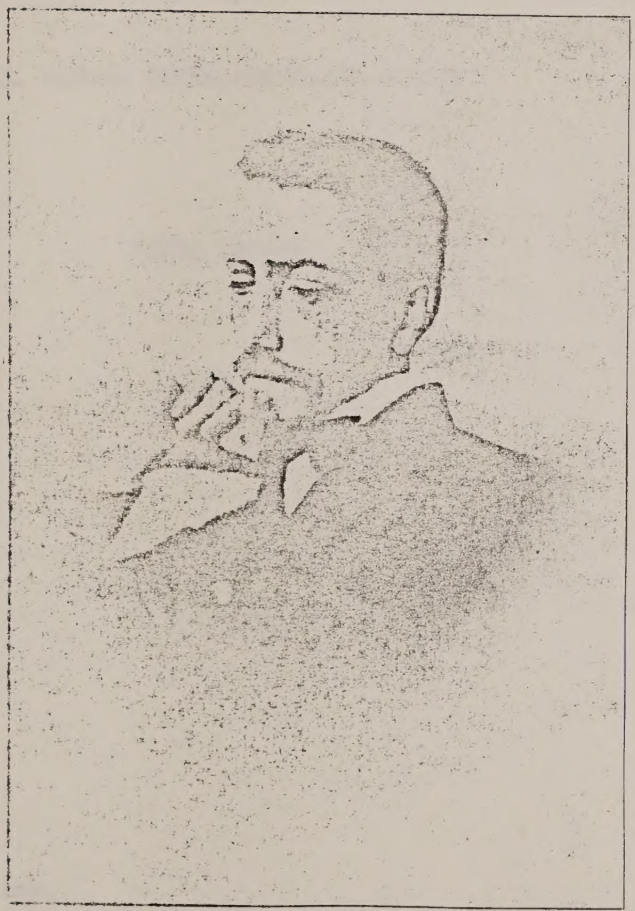

MULTATULI IN 1853
(PORTRET OVERMAN — MULTATULI-MUSEUM.)

M U L T A T U L I.

L E T T E R S.

Contributions To The Knowledge of His Life.

Arranged and Illustrated

by

M. DOUWES DEKKER-HAMMINCK-SCHEPEL.

FIFTH VOLUME

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Translation by
Nicolaas Steelink.
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1912

TO MRS. DOUWES DEKKER VAN WYNBERGEN.

Introductory note by Mrs. M. Douwes Dekker Hamminck-Schepel.

The series of letters from Multatuli to Tine that was cut off by letter LXX in the Part: "The Havelaar in Circulation", is now continued. The letter mentioned [illegible] here [illegible] was dated 8 Dec. 1860. Very shortly after that date the author must have departed for his family in Brussels where, as we perceive from letter LXIX, he desired to await how the "National Subscription" would fare.

About the real progress of that matter I know little more than is apparent from the preceding and succeeding letters.

From a Note to letter LXVI, one may learn that the Committee for the Subscription was founded November 29th 1860. To the committee members belonged the Messrs. Prof. Veth, Dr. Bleeker, Starkenborg van Straten and E. A. van Vloten. There were, I think, more members, but do not know their names. The messrs. Veth and vna Straten, according to what they have told and written me, are no longer in possession of articles and letters from Multatuli. Mr. Bleeker is dead, and concerning mr. van Vloten I have been unable to learn anything.

Bleeker had been a friend of Multatuli when they were adolescents. In parenthesis I add here a few pages from my note-book concerning him.

I was walking with Dek in Amsterdam (in the early spring of 1881) as we were in search of a druggist.

"Wait," Dek said, "and for once I'll show you the way!"

This was something extraordinary for him, as he had very little sense of direction, in his own words, and most of the time he had to be shown the way. But this time he knew the way. We went through Kalverstraat, across Den Dam, and a ways up Nieuwendyk.

"Wait," he said, "to the left here and a few doors up.... yes, I know it well...."

And indeed, there was an apothecary."

"You see?" he said proudly.

A man of medium age stood behind the counter; I asked for what I wanted and during its preparation Dek said:

"Sir, are you aware that you're standing on a famous spot?"

And responding to the wonder in the man's face:

"The great Bleeker once stood there, on the same spot where you now stand. That's now.... let's see.... about 40 years ago. There he stood, behind the counter. Yes, yes, the ichtiologist. You know him, do you?"

"You don't say, sir! No, I didn't know."

And when we were outside again Dek said: "Yes, there he stood, the entire day, and prepared prescrions, and received purchased articles for the woman, and looked after the children.

"How come you knew him?" I asked.

"I don't remember. We were both menonists; must have been from the catechism. His parents lived in Zaandam, I went there once with him. They were quite nice folks; his brother drove a grocery delivery wagon through the town, a common employe. But he was a student!.... After he had worked in the apothecary the entire day for his board he studied till late in the cold of his little room .... at least when he had been able to get holdof a little piece of candle. He was a peculiar lad! We never discussed religion or anything like that, but now when I recall how he treated the tales of dominie Doedes about God with an unbelieving, scornful face, I still wonder. At that time I was quite regular and doubt about what dominie and mother said, never arose in me. But looking back at it from a distance, already then he was an agnostic, and that was remarkable, above all when one takes in consideration the environment in which he moved. Sometimes I would look him up in his apothecary and take a walk with him. My mother did not seem to object to him and allowed me to go. At last did his family realize that it was a shame not to help the lad in his studies. They got together and with considerable difficulty raised a thousand francs to send him to college in Paris. And so he went. He lived there an entire year on that money and squandered his time no more than he did his money.

Later on, when I was already in the Indies, he was appointed health officer. That was quite an event. "Have you heard the news? Bleeker is coming!" And I was full of expectation. Now, in retrospect, he was the same bald-faced boy of yester-year, but that it was he, my play mate of school days, that made it important. And, imagine, one of his first questions was if I knew a good wife for him. "Good" meant: wealthy. Well, he succeeded in getting one after a while.

That wealth he needed not for himself, since he was too dry for it, but only for his studies. He was a health officer, but fishes were his life. He practised.... oh well, as much as he had to, but he always sought to be placed thusly that enabled him to pursue his studies. And later, when he had a rich wife, he managed to take his discharge; from then on he lived for his fishes only. Yes, say what you will, my taste is it neither, but still it's worthy of honor! When I inquire into such a life, such an entire life of one piece, the same striving from the beginning on.... it too is beautiful! True, he had but few obstacles to overcome.... he did not have to overcome many "trainbuben" .... but still it's worthy of honor!

Thusly spoke Multatuli about Bleeker. What he meant by "trainbuben" should be known to every reader of his "Multimillion Studies".

Now follow two letters that Mr. Bleeker wrote to Multatuli during the latter's state of anticipation in Brussels.

The Hague, 27 Jan. 1861.

Esteemed Dekker!

Your letter of Jan. 9 I received s imultaneously with a letter from mr. Veth of the 15th inst. I have accepted his invitation to come to Amsterdam in order to confer with the messrs. Van Vloten, Van Straten, etc., about what could be done in your behalf.

Having returned to The Hague from this conference, I am in haste to answer your letter.

I must tell you at once that at the moment it would be very unfavorable to provoke a national demonstration. You desire, of course, that I am frank with you. I shall be frank.

The impression of your work has remarkably paled, and has not improved by what you have written since.*

The appeals to the nation for the unfortunates of floods and frost, will make it momentarily less possible to arouse the people in your interest.

But above all the reviews in the Batavian Handelsblad of your work has reduced the sympathy of many for you, and those reviews, extensive and warm, still stand unchallenged and not refuted there. I am unaware if it is part of your plan to refute what appears in there concerning your person. Certain is that I know people, unfavorable to you, who are ready to start a campaign and who claim to be armed with documents whose publication might not promote your interests. In any event I, along with many, am convinced that at the moment not much sympathy for you can be counted on. Perhaps a demonstration as indicated by you ma y, after a while, bring the desired result.

And now I think it my duty, as an old friend, who is inclined to your wellbeing, and always has been, to speak to you, at the risk of displeasing you, about another idea.

Head and direction of the Colonial Administration have changed. I believe that direction will be more in agreement with yours. For a principle you have voluntarily left the service and sacrificed your career. For that same principle you can again enter the service and repair your career. No one would blame you, everybody would praise you. Well now, might it be that you would again enter the Colonial service, then I will be glad to use my entire being to make such easy for you. That the Messrs Veth and Van Straten will do too, and besides those gentlemen and Mr, Van Vloten have uttered their conviction that this would be the way to assure permanently your lot and that of your family.

Give this some thought, but calmly. I fear that even if much public sympathy might come your way, your future in no way will be assured, and your grievous position will not cease thereby, except for a few weeks or months. The courage of the spade

expressed in your work, is an illusion. That courage no one has, and you can be much more useful otherwise than by showing that courage.

I repeat, esteemed Dekker, that I write this at the risk of displeasing you, but remember that a good friend should give good advice, and not raise illusions or offer flattering compliments. And from that you will gain the conviction that I belong to those good friends of yours.

Always yours
Bleeker.

*) Page 3. par. 4. Just then, January 1861, had appeared from Multatuli, after his Max Havelaar, in addition to his letter to Dominie Franken, which has been included in "Scattered Pieces", two articles in Tydspiegel of October and November 1860. The former appeared later in IDEA 527, the latter may be found in "Impressions of the Day" and mainly contains Multatuli's "Letter to the Governor General Retired".

The Hague, Febr. 4. 1861.

Esteemed Dekker.

Immediately upon receipt of your letter of the 1st. inst. I got busy trying to obtain the daylies in which the reviews of Max Havelaar etc., appeared. Since then there must have been a new review placed in the Rotterdammer that neither is said to be favorable, but which I have not read. I do not see the possibility to get all those papers to you, but it cannot miss for you to read them in Brussels, or mister Van Vloten can get them for you.

The reviews carry a strong tendency to refute the truth of numerous facts, although one is inclined to believe that you have revealed them in good faith.

Mr. Lion I know personally, and I do notsuspect him at all of bad faith, but as I think I have discovered he is in possession of a great many documents, including one or more letters from you personally, about which is said that revelation of them would not be in your interest. However, this question I leave moot. You can best know what there is to be done or not done in this matter.

At the ministry of Colonies I have endeavored for you to the best of my ability. However, I cannot say that I was very lucky there. I learned much, from the side of your relatives too, that have astounded me and which I cannot believe. But I have also heard that the ministry of Colonies has offered

you placements, which you declined to accept. Notwithstanding, it seems to me that there is an inclination to place you again if you requested it, and your demands were not put too high. I am unable now to give you new advice, since you should know best by now what you want and what to do.

Receive with my best wishes and greetings the assurance that I am constantly friendly.

H. Bleeker.

It's clear that things did not fare according to wish. And so Multatuli traveled to Holland to read the articles in the daily press, and if need be reoly to them.

His first letter to Tine, undated, that now follows, may have been written on the 18th Febr, 1861.

I.

Monday morning, (18 Febr. 18 61.)

Tine, best girl, I have that piece by Lion and it made me sad. Not sad about the piece as such, but because would be friends have been of a mind that I give a reply to an accusation of..... meanness! So it states. Should they not have shrugged their shoulders? I am completely abashed by it all. Comprehend me well. Nothing is easier than to contradict Lion. Indeed it's too easy, but that contracting itself, that proving that I am not mean has something repelling. I do not know yet what I will do. More than anything I should enjoy to know that Lion is an honest man. Were that so, then I should go to him, show him that B. v. K. has informed him wrongly and ask him to admit publicly that he has made a mistake.*

*) B. V. K. = Brest van Kempen, the "Slymering" in Max Havelaar.

In parenthesis, Lion's piece has been written with but little talent, also from a viewpoint of polemic. I should wish to be in error just for the pleasure of defeating such an opponent, on writer's ability alone, I mean,

but you realize that this is repugnant to me now.

Wished that I had many such opponents, provided there would be a court to render a verdict. That court would be the public, and what must I expect from the public when even my friends accept such writing.

Lion says that I am mean. That's all you'll have to know. I ask you if it is, or can be possible that such a claim is supported? It has a comical side. It's not nice of Lion to place himself on such a terrain since I would be far more vulnerable on many other points: making debts, eccentricity, strange principles, etc.

And still I am bound to say that he (as the result shows) has chosen his standpoint well, since my would-be friends attach value to his charge.

I must keep the newspaper for a little while yet. I'll send it to you as soon as I can, also to Mr. Van Vloten.

The Bat. Handelsblad I still do not have, but I'll know a little about it through the article by Lion. They are of a kind. I am not angry because I am attacked but really because my would-be friends pay attention to such charges. But that's not it! They want to get shut of the matter and Lion's trashy article serves as pretext. Prof. Veth, for instance, can be very well aware that I am able to contradict that article succinctly. Tonight or tomorrow I will write to v. Vloten too. I am indignant but not with Lion. I do not know yet what I will do. Probably I shall begin with giving wide publicity to Lion's article and ask the public to do justice to me. If not then it is a vain effort on my part to assert that justice. I am indignant with Veth and van Straten. It's my guess that van Vloten suggested: "Well now, let Dekker answer that article and then the matter stays as is."

I claim that Lion's piece cannot bring about that any one who has read the M. H.

(Max Havelaar)

(and the original pieces that I have shown) shall change his opinion. At the most that piece might lead to demands for enlightenment, that I could provide instantly.

Don't be concerned. On the contrary. I will show that Lion has done me a favor. and by judging me so incapable as to be vanquished by such tiny weapons. I still do not know what to do since I have embarras de richesse (embarrassment of wealth, Tr.) of replies. I may go to van Hoevell, show him one thing and another and ask him to request of Lion that he simply write: "I have made a mistake".

Dagh dear girl. Kiss humanity. Dagh Nonnie, dagh Edu, toothless one. Write Hotel Weimer. I'm looking for a room. It's very good here, but too dear. Dagh dear girl.

II.

Monday noon (18 Febr. 1861.)

Tine, best girl. I have the piece by van der Hoeven. I have fooled myself to comparing it to be of a similar calibre as Lion's. On the contrary it has been written with considerable talent. Here and there he is wrong, but it is not so as that of Lion: below reply. I will send it to you as soon as I obtain a second copy. Then, after reading, forward one thing and another with due speed to Mister v. Vloten. I am gratified that the piece is written in such a manner that I can contradict it sans compromising myself (as a writer). but be that as it may, neither the Bat. Handelsblad, nor Lion

have been able to cause abandonment of the attempt to turn me again into a respectable person by means of filthy lucre. As always, that remains irresponsible.

There is much with which I agree in that piece of van der Hoeven, and I shall frankly say so.

He reproaches me before all of being proud, and he is probably right there; I am very proud.

But pride does not justify to cause me to live as a beggar.

I am very proud, but v. d. H.should not have written his article in order to cure me from my pride, since after reading it I have gained considerable in pride. Dagh Tine, dagh best girl, take care.

I am going out for more copies and will send them immediately. Tell me what mister van Vl. said after reading those things. I think he will pay you a visit, but tell him, if it should come up, that there must no longer be a question of finanacial assistance. Perhaps I'll hold a lecture or something for money.

The article about Dr. Bensen I do not grasp quite rightly. I have not reproached Bensen for anything. On the contrary. *

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*) Dr. Bensen was the physician who had treated Multatuli's predecessor in Lebak, the assistent-resident Carolus (Slotering) during his fatal illness. MDDS.

And that Carolus' illness was different from what his widow told me is immaterial. Fact is that in Lebak there was talk of poisoning and that the contoller feared it, as he told me in writing.

Dagh, dear girl. Kiss the kids. I am sending the papers to mister van

Vloten. Ask him for them. *

*) Among a collection of old newspapers I find a Batavia Handelsblad of 29 October and one of 14 November 1860, containing an extensive article entitled: "Multatuli's grievances" and signed "H"., clearly the pi ece about which went the discussion here. It's too long to include it. In the issue of 29 Oct. appears an article concerning the remuneration of the native chiefs; also signed H. In the space below the piece there is written in Multatuli's handwriting:

"Is this entire article not the Q. E. D. of the Max Havelaar?"

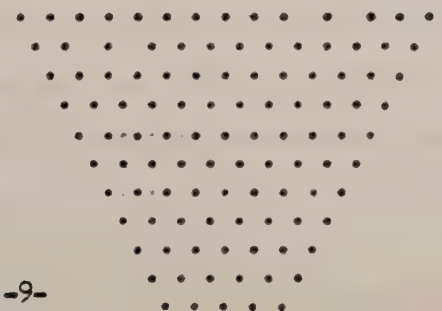
Besides, the following words by Dek are written on the margine:
"And what was the result?"
The residents received a secret instruction forbidding them to continue calling the government's attention to this. Against this hated truth, which could neither be denied nor abolish, the final means of relief that despotism has at its disposal was used: silence was imposed. But just as the earth, notwithstanding that Galileo on the rack was forced to utter the famous perjury of its standstill, just as certain it is, whhether residents write about it or not, that the oppression of the Javanese population is an element of the administration, ordered by profit's demands.
From this it becomes inevitably that the chiefs as a rule are not punished.... etc.

III.

Tuesday (19 Febr. 1861.)

Dear Tine! Yesterday I mailed the pap ers to mister v. Vloten. Read them but return the Bat. Handelsblad to me. Still hotel Weimer. Today I wrote to v. Vloten in detail, above all about the cowardly retreat of Veth and van Straten. If v. Vloten comes to see you then slip in if possible a phrase such as this:"those gentlemen have made too high an opinion of themsleves by thinking that they could assist Dekker. At the first sign of danger they run away."

Dagh, love. Kiss the kids. I feel optimistic.



To the
NIEUWE ROTTERDAM COURANT.

21 Februari 1861.

The Editor, Sir:

Only day before yesterday I was in a position to read the pieces that have been brought up against my Max Havelaar: In the Batavia Handelsblad van 24, 27 and 31 October and in the Nieuwe Rotterdam Courant of 14 and 31 January last.

The pieces signed H. in the H. B. of Batavia deserve, if for artful composition alone, a special reply. As an answer to the two other pieces the following should suffice.

If the writer of the piece in the N. R. C. of the 31st January has got his information from the mouth of the physician who treated Havelaar's predecessor, I am inclined to trust him: since with me too the veracity of Dr. Bensen is elevated above all doubt. Have I said the contrary in my book? I have said and here repeat: "the physician who treated Havalaar's predecessor, may have been a very capable man and notwithstanding may have made a mistake in diagnosing the synptoms at Slotering's death, unprepared as he was in suspecting crime."

Today, more than ever I have reasons to hold that Havelaar's predecessor was poisoned, -although: why was the corpse not disinterred? A scientific investigation might make all the different readings about the illness, superfluous.

For the moment I assume that the course of the illness has been different from what the widow told Havelaar, yes I will go further and pose that the natural death of his predecessor could be established, than this still would [illegible] Havelaar put aside all formerly [illegible]

not take away that Havelaar put aside all formerly indulgent consideration concerning the Regent of Lebak from the moment that there was talk, no matter how unfounded, of peril of life; that he was kind, indulgent and cooperative so long he thought he was the strongest; that he became severe and inexorable when the widow's suspicion held out a prospect what the result of an inexorable severity might be. Havelaar was eccentric. One should read the book once again ask oneself if I, in general, may have spoken untruth, unless there also lies untruth in the repeated declaration: "this or that piece lies before me?" Well now, of that one might convince oneself. I am prepared to give every interested person a look into the Documents that I cite in my book. Those documents for a large part copied from the known memorial to the Governor General Retired; I know that I have told the truth. The history of the illness of Havelaar's predecessor is immaterial to me. I have to prove that this predecessor tried to stop abuses;"that concerning this he had (apparent from personal notes) repeatedly spoken with the Resident of Bantam; that his environment held that he had been poisoned; that this supposition was brought about in connection with fulfillment of duty; that controller Verbrugge did his duty hesitatingly from fear of poisoning; that on the contrary Havelaar did his duty energetically, precisely then when there was talk of poisoning."

But of all of that no mention is made!

Now the piece of mister Lion. It contains many untruths that I now gloss over, in order to confine myself to what is cogent: "I did invent no less than four years later to give a hateful coloring to the action in question of the Resident of Bantam."

One should read Havelaar's letter of 25 February 1856, No. 91 Secret, and

ask oneself whether I had need of inventing anything in 1860 what Havelaar foresaw and feared in 1856?

Strictly considered this single observation should suffice. But I will do more. If the claim of mister Leon had any basis, the ending of chapter nineteen of the "Max" would be false. In that instance it should have been easy for mister Slymering to produce testimony regard that from Duclari and Verbrugge. Well now, neither the honest Verbrugge, nor the chivalrous Duclari will give such testimony. One may suppose that such has been requested, since it lies at hand that a dementi (denial, Tr.) from that source would have had great value for the cause that mister Lion imagines he must defend.

And lastly: Before his departure from Lebak, Havelaar had some one observe the resident's action in question. Thusly he foresaw then that he needed proof for something I would later invent; what in other words will say that I had nothing to invent! That proof too I have ready for inspection for everyone who is interested in the truth. Nothing would be easier for me than to prove that Havelaar acted well and intelligently; that with his life at stake he had the courage to do his duty; that he steadfastly held on to principles of loyalty to a rule that he despised as well as to those of humanity and justice.... But for what would I prove all of this?

See here, I agree to compete with coffee tattle, free labor waweling and the yammering about irresponsible flood distress.... but what good does it do me?. ....

What shall I gain by proving that Havelaar is in his right so long as the Dutch nation refuses to do justice?

M u l t a t u l i.

Rotterdam.
Hotel Weimer, 19 Febr. 1861.

TO MRS. DOUWES DEKKER VAN WYNBERGEN.

IV.

The Hague 22 Febr. 1861.
Marechal du Turenne.

My most beloved Tine! I have your letter of yesterday thursday and also the returned Bat. Handelsblad. You have seen how (for the time being) I have answered Lion. This morning I left Rotterdam, partly because I became mad at Hoboken! Imagine that this so and so Drystubble, after reading that little piece in the paper, immediately made use of the address I had supplied, to dun me for payment!*

*) (Dekker owed Hoboken for the trip to the Indies with his family, after his leave of absence.
In later days he often related that after writing that "Letter to the Editor" in the Nieuwe Rotterdam Courant, with all the evidence of the Havelaar in readiness, he was waiting in Hotel Weimer, to show it to who-ever would call. The only one who showed up was the wealthy Hoboken not, however, to examine the evidence, but to dun for money.)

I was indignant and frankly told him so, and departed at once, because if Hoboken wants to start suite, I had rather face that scandal in the Hague than in Rotterdam. Here it would give me additional publicity. Infamous! I would say! I haven't talked to any one yet. Perhaps I will have news for you tomorrow. I shall try to do what's best. I'm not discouraged. Just today, as I left the station, I met v. S., the editor of the Indier, who told me that I should not have replied to Lion and the B, H. , "for," he said,

"that scribbling hasn't impressed anybody at all," and "that both of them had chosen quite an unhappy standpoint in acting as defenders of Slymering."

He said: "Even were mister Brest van Kempen lily white this would not take away that you only have to be responsible for the truth of your painting of Indies' Residents as type, and that type is established."

I hope to speak to Bleeker tomorrow, as well as to van Hoevell and I think, still a few others.

Today I had a most pleasant meeting, apparently insignificant, but good for my heart. I found at Fuhri a couple of letters about a month old, (through a singular error returned from Brussels since Fuhri had written on it rue d'Envers instead of Chaussee d'Envers. So be it!) The letter in question was from Ottilie in Cassel. I will translate it literally, although there'll be something lost, no, I'll copy it in Dutch characters. (I must begin by stating that as often as I have thought of Cassel, I always got a chill. The idea, those girls who were so lovely toward me will, because of me leaving that bill unpaid, hold me for a common swindler.... And now, see here:

Theurer Freund, Sie leben! O, wie unaunsprechlich glücklich hat mich diese Gewiesheit gemacht. Ich habe Ihr Buch gelesen! Durch Hern de Ruyter an welchen ich mich brieflich wendete, habe ich Ihre Adresse erfahren, denn immer noch furchtete ich Sie seien gestorben und ein ander habe Ihre Papiere veroffentlicht. Ich habe alles verstanden. Alles kam mir so bekannt vor, -- alles, alles! Wie vielen habe ich aus ihrem Munde gehört. Ach mein theurer Freund, mein Brüder! Ob as unrecht ist dasz ich Ihnen heute schreibe, ich

weiss es nicht-ich kann nicht anders!- aber ich muss Ihnen sagen dass Sie mir nicht grollen durfen, dass Sie mir sagen warum Sie mich zwei lange Jahre in dem furchtbaren Glauben liessen Sie mussten gestorben sein? Todt! O wie hat mich dieser Gedanken gequält, -schrecklich klagte mich mein Gewissen an, mein theurer Brüder, Ihre Schwester kan Sie nie vergessen, und hatte mein Brüder mich ganz vergessen? Sie sind jetzt wieder vereinigt mit Ihren edlen Everdine und den theuren kindern. Ich achte, ich verehre, ich bewundre sie so sehr, doch kann sie deren Herz so erfulltist von reiner Hingebung und liebe zu Ihnen, kann sie es ohne Schmerz ertragen, wenn das grosse edle Herz das ihr gehört noch Raum hat für eine andere? Kann ein mensch so gross, so hochherzig fuhlen? Schreiben Sie mir, ich musz von Ihnen hören ob Sie mich Ihres Angedenkens für unwurdig halten? Sagen Sie mir dassden Schmerz ver eihen den ich Ihnen verursacht habe, und dass sie mir dereinst das Versprechen halten werden ich solle Sie und Everdine wiedersehen. Versprachen Sie mir nicht mein Brüder zu sein, und ware es wohl der Wille einer Vorsehung dass unsere Wege sich nie wieder begegneten? Ich beta für Ihr wohl, -ich bewahre Ihr Andenken wie ein Heiligthum. Das kleine Vergisz-mein-nicht, und dass zerbrochene Uhrglas, ein Taschentuch das Sie am Abend des Abschieds zuruckliessen und mehrere Briefe sind meine reliquien. Ich habe den 24 December nicht vergessen, und des kleinen Eduard Geburtstag habe ich im Geiste mitgefeiert.

Schreiben Sie mir, sagen Sie mir dasz auch Sie meiner ohne Bitterkeit machmal gedenken, doch erwahnen Sie diesen Brief nicht, niemand weiss davon, und erwahnen Sie nur meinen Brief an Herr de Ruyter.

Leben Sie whol. Schreiben Sie mir bald mein theurer Brüder, lutiuku

(this is malay that I had taught her) ich grusse die edle Evedine von ganzem Herzen und hoffe fest Sie wieder zu sehn eher Sie nach den schönen Java dereinst zuruckkehren.

O t t i l i e.

Bitte, bitte, schreiben Sie bald, beruhigen Sie mich, ich konnte nicht anders; ich musste Ihnen schreiben um ruhig zu werden.

Hasn't she a beautiful heart? I am deeply touched by it. And don't forget that in that same Cassel my name is ruined. How did she obtain the M. H.? And how has she been able to understand it? I think it's a touching event! And then her fear that I was angry with her, because she had grieved me! That was on account of her flirtation with that painter. Don't you think that letter touching? I I have already answered her.

Kiss humanity. Are they really so full of mischief? Aye, write a couple of letters in the evening (for Nonnie too) and give them as if coming from me, if I write them my letters will get too heavy. I am remindfull that before ult^{o} you must have money. I shall (I hope) get some but know yet how much! Dagh, dear girl, keep your head high, I'll do what I can. Dagh girl, dagh boys! Write me what you think of the German girl.

V.
The Hague, monday evening.
(25 Februari 1861.)

My dear girl. I really do not feel inclined to write about the main matters because I have no news. Van Hoevell too advised me to re-enter the service. He

would feel out the minister, although I, from my side had not bound myself to anything.

The reason that some people are so partial for B. v. K.

(Brest van Kempen)

is simply that he does not need help, and I do. In the event that I am found justified I would be entitled to help, so it's easier to doubt me. That also goes for the advice to return to the Indies. That's only to get rid of me.

Van Vloten writes quite friendly. (He too takes no stock in the writings of v. d. H. and Lion) but repeatedly returns to saying that I should return to the Indies. This, in other words means: I do not want to help you any more.

26th, evening. I still have not talked to Bleeker. He is out of town! That's the way it always goes. Meanwhile I sit here at Fuhri's waiting for the result of van Hoevell's intervention.

I enclose van Vloten's recent letter. What drew my attention is that he says the help given you is hurting you in public opinion. That is another fine pretext. "Boy, how I would like to help you, but I will not damage you in public opinion!" I am bitter.

I am worried about you as the end of the month nears. At the moment I see no relief alas! It's indeed hard.

Yesterday and today I've been busy writing a memorial for the van Lennep matter.

I wished I were home, but to go home now before I am certain about something and without money, what good would it do?

1 March. Yesterday and the night before, I thought about a previous

proposition, namely that the ministry would allot me a pension. Many months ago van Hoevell felt strongly in favor of that proposal. I just went to him but immediately he said: yes, under Rochussen I would have succeeded, but now it remains a question, and again he turned in the direction of placement. It's unfortunate that all those people always know things better than I do myself.

Dagh, dear heart, do the best you know how. I still have not talked to Bleeker; he has moved to Leyden.

VI.
Sunday morning (3 March 1861.)

Dear Heart. I hope that with this mail or one later, that you will receive f 25. You realize I would send you more if I could. Have courage and keep your head high.

Matters now stand so:

The agreement was that van Hoevell and a couple of others woul d emphasize on giving me a pension, and in that cae, of course, including all the time since my resignation. The general feeling among the people to whom I spoke about it was, that it would succeed. Imagine how beautiful that would be. I would have gotten hold of a sum large enough to finish the miserable affair of W. (Wageningne), then of C. (Cassel) and all that oppresses me so. In addition I would have been secure of daily needs, I would no longer have to worry about that and I would at last be able to go to work undisturbed.

But as usual this is impeded not because the main idea was lost, but by postponement. Yesterday, after the Chamber's session I heard that the ministers resigned.... and last night that the Chamber is dissolved! So there I am sitting again! Everything stops and god knows how we will fare till there

might be an opportunity to do something again! I am very sad. Everything takem together I am certain to get a pension, and the idea that I could thereby escape from that Wageningen spook that pursues me everywhere, makes me so happy. Now is all of it postponed again and I have to hear again (or what is worse: perceive) that van Heeckeren, the Kerkhovens and the v. d. Huchts brute it about that I am a scoundrel! Day before yesterday that was once more an objection of one of the persons whom I needed for the pension matter, but with him I had no difficulty because he told me openly, and I could reply. But how do I handle all the people who do not tell me? That is damned hard. Listen, of the aunts themselves it is miserable too for allowing themselves being turned into tools of v. Heeckeren. They know better than any one else who helped them, and not van Heeckeren, who was just as near to them as I, and rich besides. I suggest that you write to Wag. and tell them frankly that it is so hard for me, that it hurts me so in my striving to have to answer everywhere to such a vile accusation. Ask them candidly if I deserve that from them? If it was not I who, with a generosity that they never experienced from any else, was attracted to their lot? If it is just that I am being accused of swindling? That is the word!

I turn violent when I think about it.

And that just now! Think of it, the 2nd Chamber is dissolved. I must be a candidate and then imagine what a situation this causes that I who needs good will first of all, must reply to such a trivial accusation? 'Tis bitter.

To give you a sample of how low people will sink in order to damage

me, "I was a miserable individual as I allowed my wife and children to suffer penury, and self lived a good life: I always drank the finest wines!"

Oh, do not say, stand above it! Yes, I would stand above it if not such rubbish prevented us from rejuvenating ourselves. I have always despised slander, but despising changes into deep sadness when that slander takes the bread from out mouths.

If it's true that the 2nd Chamber is dissolved (and I believe it is, them I should now be writing, speaking, traveling -I should be raising enthusiasm.... well now, where I do not succeed it means automatic failure, and as soon as there is a question of succeeding there comes the clique who pursues me and whispers that I am such a low creature. People love reaction, people are ashamed of having been aroused, nothing is desired so much as a pretense to former apathy, and see, all my efforts are again in the slough! Or even worse. I'm further from my goal than before I had spoken or written, since people take revenge for suffered deception by estimating me lower in relation to the height they had raised me, quasi carried along by enthusiasm. There is no middle ground between very high and very low, and whoso think that by defending myself I capture the position again that I held before the accusation, deceive themselves very much. People do not return to enthusiasm, they are far too glad to get rid of it, since enrapture becomes oppressing. When I defend myself and win my plea, I gain nothing. People say: so! but do not return to the mood I needed.

Besides, defense is impossible. Can I tell every one how the clique

against whom I battle, and whose animosity has been so terribly aroused, has an interest in my humiliation? Can I tell every one how for years I must have hurt the egotism of that environment? Can I explain how the present defamation is nothing but revenge for former inferiority?

And even were that not so. For my standing a defense against such low, vulgar accusations is in itself already a humiliation. Some people have succeeded in one essential, that for me is fatal, namely this: that the question is removed to quite the wrong terrain. I represent an idea, a principle. For that I am giving myself and you and our children. On this terrain I am untouchable (and untouched). What do these people do now? They leave the question there and pose the queery: Is Havelaar a swindler?

Forward this letter to mister van Vloten, since I wrote the final pages more to him than to you.

Write to the aunts. Bring out a letter that frankly states how I have treated them. I might do so myself, but it sickens me.

Something else yet. Those creatures always wrote letters of thanks that I never read. Try to find them.

Kiss the dear children and write me much about them.

Momentarily my striving is to seek a means of living till the pension matter is solved. Then I can make myself a free man. The rest will be easy. The big matters will come lightly, but the little ones oppress me terribly. Hold on with courage, dear girl. Things cannot remain this way.

It's not at all my intention to return to mister van Vloten on the former understanding, all I wish is to carry him to the conviction

that it is not good to have put me at the mercy of such opponents. If my friends were only half as persevering as are my enemies, I would be ready.

Just now I hear that the Chamber has not yet been dissolved but that Mr. Rochussen has been charged with forming a new ministry.

C'est tout comme. (All as usual, Tr.) When Rochussen becomes minister and premier, then the Chamber must take a walk, no doubt about it.

VII.

Friday.

Dearest heart! The reason I didn't write you for several days is this:

Last Monday evening I wrote you a letter in the best of moods and completely as if all had been accomplished. I had reason for it. But before mailing it I reminded myself that it was better to wait yet one more day. So I did. The matter in hand started to drag again and waiting as I did I'm glad now that I didn't send you that cheerful letter as it would have caused disappointment again. I cannot tell you all but it comes down to this that on that day I had suddenly decided to join Rochussen (in opposition to the D. v. Twist clique) and I succeeded to the extent that Rochussen received me extremely well. So that was good. But see, quite independent of my case things once again miscarried as Roch. failed to form a new Cabinet, so that for the moment he is non-active. Now isn't that a damned shame?

But be well aware of what I mean. Over all things stand good. I'll do my best, and even though I failed this time I am certain that R. again

will take the helm and he has said frankly that he gladly accepted my offer to help him against the would-be opposition.

Hold the fort. I told R. a few things that in higher circles here circulate as late news. He said: I've now been ordered by the King to form a new ministry and have to find nine human beings to form a unit....

I: My god, how is that possible: nine h u m a n b e i n g s !!!

He said he appreciated my démarche (step, Tr.) very much; he picked up my card and said: "I am quite impressed with the importance of your joining. Eduard.... Douwes.... Dekker.... by Rochussen!!!"

In short, all of that was perfect. I felt as if I were at home with him. But now all is momentarily stopped by all kinds of lame excuses.

I urged him to dissolve the Chamber, and had he succeeded in forming a Cabinet, he would have done so.

He said: I admit I've made mistakes. Yes, I said, you have made many mistakes, but the mistakes of a human being and mr. van Twist has all the virtues of a piece of wood.

Not bad, eh?

Dagh angel, d agh dear children. I am deeply longing for home, but wish to bring some good news along.

Today I wrote a short letter to Rochussen:

Excellency! I am taking leave to request of the new minister to propose me for secretary-general.

That's all! How does it strike you? Short and to the point.

It is not so much my intention now to get that job, as to impress Roch. that I count on him. I am aware that he is flattered by it. The former Secr. General has become minister.

Roch. said, the ladies are crazy about you. What do you think of that? His daughter, van Zuylen entered (I believe on purpose) yes, said he, -she too!*

---

*) On the 14th of March a new Cabinet was formed. Mr. J. London, until then Secr. General of the Department of Colonies, became minister.
Mister Rochussen acted on M u l t a t u l i's request and Dek, supplied with a letter of recommendation from the former Governor General, went to call on mr. London.
But the latter explained to him that a Mr. Feith, an official of the Cabinet, was entitled to the vacancy. Already so often strangers had been given preference as secretary genetal that it had become hard for the officials of the Cabinet. This time the referendary Feith had been promised the promotion as certain, it was no longer feasible to disappoint him again.
M u l t a t u l i acknowledged all these grounds frankly. Among other things this is apparent from the following extract from a letter he wrote to S. E. W. Ro o r d a v a n E y s i n g a ten years later, 3 Jan. 1871.

"One time London offered me....
"No, inorder to tell this right it should include that he would become Minister after being Secr. General. I had asked him if he would have me for Secr. General. There existed indeed good reasons not to enter the job. Learning these I said that he was right. (Seriously) And in order to console me he added: but do not feel too bad about it. Believe me, you are, for that position....
the post which he, London, had served with honor, and which he vacated in order to become minister...
that position is a chain of futilities, with which you could not associate yourself...
Well now, at the moment that he acknowledged this he offered me, when I told him it was for bread...
"You wrote that you are not a christian," he said. "well I am a real christian, and therefore...."

Thusly it states briefly in the letter. The exact incident was so:
Dek acknowledged mr. Feith's aspirations:
"Certainly, such a faithful employe must not be disappointed, although it might be hard for me. Since that is so, I am in bitter trouble....
"Are things so bad?" asked mr. London.
"My family suffers penury....
Then His Excellency arose, fussed a little in a small drawer of his

desk. He uttered the afore related phrase about being a real christian and handed M u l t a t u l i an envelope.

Pressed by need the latter accepted it. He stuck the envelope in his breast pocket.

Arrived outside he thought: First exchange it, and then send part of it home. He inquired for a place of exchange. Arrived there he took out the envelope and found in it.... a twenty five florin bank note!

Later he wrote a very polite letter to mr. London for the loan and enclosed a similar bank note.

Momentarily he had been in need of keep ing it.

As he related the incident, he would add by way of excuse: London would not have comprehended if I had declined to accept the money. His intentions were not bad.... just a little infantile and small.

Follows now the note which, I am convinced, accompanied the same f 25 that went to Tine.)

VIII.
Post mark: The Hague. 14 March.
(The envelope is marked: pressing.)

Dear heart! This is all I can sned. I have no news. I wait. I do what I can. Perhaps more tomorrow. Dagh, angel, take care and kiss the sweet youngsters.

IX.

Saturday.
(Apparently mailed from Amsterdam sans date. On a guess the last of March.)

Dear heart! I have your letter written Thursday, after the carnival's ending. Oh, that fine man with his wedding of Ch. and Mary! but, dear girl, you write nothinh about Non. You always make me feel so good with your writing about the children.

Nota bene. Jan is about to move to the Hague. That poor man! He and Veenstra have started a large cigar factory. For that purpose they bought

a large building (The Amsterdam Arms, around the corner of 't Rusland) for which a few days later they were offered f 7000 profit.

Yesterday I mailed you The Prayer of an Agnostic. I leave it up to you to give Julie v. Vloten a copy. 'Tis rather sharp. Through Hofstede I have ordered a picture drawn which is really beautiful and that along with and in relation to the poem will become very popular. The whole is a cry of sorrow, which is rather p lain.

That thing, P.O.A.A., wss recited in 't Nut at Goes by a gentleman who had looked into the manuscript at the Dageraad. It lends itself very well to a good recital. Hofstede too, who recites very well, knows it by heart. That thing will cause friction.

I wrote it primarily in that album. I was in a depressed mood and since withal I had to return that album, I wrtoe those wild iambs in it.

(I do not know the identity of that album, MDDS.)

And see a few days later I received a letter from Otillie that completely answered my question: answer if you are there! That was quite striking and I found something in it that gave me material for thought. Not that one would base his belief on such co-incidents, interesting it was. The pious would say, of course: "you see God, who answers through the pen of a young girl!" Still under the impression of that thought I told it to some one who asked me quite dryly but to the point: If God had arranged to send me through that girl a thousand or ten guilders? Quite roundly!*

*) It does not seem to be out of place to me to insert a letter here, written by M u l t a t u l i eight years later, relative to that piece. MDDS.)

MULTATULI ABOUT THE PRAYER OF AN AGNOSTIC.

(From the periodical De Dageraad, volume 1893-1894. MDDS.)

The Hague 18 February '69.

Very honorable Sir van Duyse!

No doubt I am allowed to write in Dutch (to wit nederduits) I write and speak French reasonably well, but it remains a kind of mediately paraphrasing my impressions, and there are times that I get lost in a sea of ques and quis.

And that I address you familiarly with honorable Sir, comes from the source of free masonry which, in the Republic of letters.... should exist.

For sixteen days I let your pleasant and blandishing letter remain unanswered. Forgive me this and at the same time my glossing over this seeming impoliteness. Seldom do I have leisure. I have indeed much to bear, and my pretentious-appearing pseudonym is no sinecure!

Thank you for your letter, and also for your sympathy with my not-knower! But.... I have changed since I wrote that thing; I lay claim to having made progress. Then I complained. Now no longer. Then my mood seemed sentimentally to angle for a god. I felt aggrieved for not finding him. At present I am at peace with it, and should he suddenly show up, he would find his place taken, and given an unfriendly reception by me, as a returning, assumed dead, rich uncle.

The conscientiousness in that prayer of the not-knower bothers me now, and it seems to me that Mad^{elle} Logique and Mad^{e} Truth, take that infidelity ill. I have promised improvement.

There is infantilism in seeking something that from the nature of things can not exist. The would-be mathematician who attempts to square the circle, the would-be mechanic who considers perpetuum mobile possible, see.... they show a lack of mathematical sense.

There exists a trick to cut a piece of cardboard rhombwise into 64 pieces, in a certain way place them alongside of each other that there appear to be 65 squares (8 x 8 seemingly becomes 5 x 13). Now I let something like that pass as amusing, but what must one think of the mathematical sense of those who let themselves be led thereby to try if 64 well (or unwell) considered might be equal to 65?

Absurd i t i s!

The thinker's task it is not to discourse about the possibility of the impossible, and above all not to give pretty little words to what is untrue (as I do in my P.O.A.A) as if he were embarrassed for associating with untruth- no, we must boldly spit the absurdity in the face. Untruth should disgust us, and so it does me, -thank god!

I say there thank god on purpose in order to bring up something against the thesis of the Believers: that there are no atheists. That is their most too easy way out in order not to answer their objections. "Don't you see, you yourself believe in God, you thank him." Sturdier than that their arguements usually are not, but many people are pleased with such evidence. Do they believe in Wodan, in Saturn, because they names for those lords? Or, reversely, do they call those days so because at one time in the past such beings were believed in? Is one responsible for each etymological finesse which can be distilled from a customary word that, however,changed in meaning? But then all law books must be reviewed. "Villain, thief, bad"

etc., are then no longer abusive words, and the king may be called "kerel", meaning a bold, powerful man.

The elusive consideration too that so many on their deathbed accept a God whom previously they denied, is infantile. In the first place it always remains the question if it be true. But even so, what must be said of the veracity of those who appeal from the healthy man's opinion to the verdict of the dying person? That is a higher appeal à rebours.(To the contrary, Tr.) It would be more honest to say at a deathbed: "Oh, now that the poor wretch has lost his reason through pain (and poisonous medecine) he begins to believe in spooks again, the same as in the time of his childhood, when he had no reason yet." Taking advantage of the sufferer's condition at all times has played a big role in the belief trade.

"Thusly dies the Christian," is the song. Well now, I have seen many heathens and muslims die, and must attest that the Christians can learn something from it. The simple calmness with which the unbelievers or wrong believers (I do not know exactly) face their final moments, is touching indeed. Still there is no willpower, no positive courage. Oh no. It's a simple absence of spooking influences. But isn't that already a great deal when compared to the spookery of our society?

Is not lack of evil something good; lack of corruption, purity; lack of untruth. verity?

Thusly our task it is to point out that a god-mobile cannot exist.

In accordance with the usual rules of logic, or rhetoric and all learning (all coming down to healthy intellect) they who are first to pose something, must be the first to demonstrate, or rather, they alone

bear the burden of proof. Strictly speaking, the other party should only have to listen until convinced.

But one who is certain of his case does not unwillingly relinquish certain benefits of rights, above all for the termination of the plea. Believers, not very certain of their footing (do they not pray for faith; ask to be strengthened in faith; hold meetings in order to encourage each other in faith, etc.) believers are fond of stretching the plea, to confuse, and to inter.... etc.

Well now, in order to do justice briefly and concise, we from our side must vacate our stronghold and in the open field put up our tents (positive denial): there is no God.

The courage to pose one's own thesis voluntarily, can never be dubbed insolence by our opponents while they themselves only hesitatingly dare to maintain their thesis. This, among other things,is apparent from their miserable: "but we do not comprehend him!"

That non-comprehending is an acknowledgment of the weakness of their thesis. The comprehension of a a matter (or of that being) includes the knowledge of the characteristics of that matter (or of that being). The sum of those characteristics is the matter (or the being) itself. Whoso establishes the existence of a matter, and simultaneously acknowledges not to comprehend its characteristics, denies in the parts what he summarily affirms.

I let it be undecided whether this reasoning of mine is clear, but I do have in mind to make it clear and hope to do it some time. For that matter see for the time being the simple syllogism on page 388 of the second volume IDEEN. (No. 530, Tr.) Why do the believers fail to answer?

And something else yet as evidence that they do not believe: Did you ever see -no, that's no good as there are exceptions- but I ask if not almost in general, they who claim to know something about God and eternity, rather cling to very un-godlike and un-eternal things? That would be different if they were convinced!

You are heir to millions. Tomorrow you will be in possession of fortunes.

I wish you good luck and ask you for a loan of a few pennies. I am hungry and wished....

Thanks! To each their own. Good friends, you know, but let's leave our pockets out of this. Charity begins at home. I have a principle to keep my money for myself. Besides, I have a wife and kids, etc., etc.

Pray, why is that potential millionaire so attached to such a trifle? Could it be that he is not so very certain that he will inherit?

Imagine being in expectatio n of an eternity of happiness and then be still so attached to such trifles as this life has to offer! It wouldn't mean a thing to me, me who does not expect an inheritance. So long as there are locksmiths and notaries I do not believe in society's belief. People force it upon themselves and others. Besides, it's the custom, it's the fashion, c'est bien porté! (It's good manners, Tr.)

Being "unfashionable" is the cliff upon which most innovators have come to griefMost of the leaders of the French revolution were unfshionable. Socrates was. Jesus was. We only know of his death on the cross. ... Rest assured that long before Golgotha. Golgotha was not the place where he suffered, it was the end of his grief! I will (if I am allowed to work, since often I am disturbed.... and that disturbing is my Golgotha!),

now, if it be possible, I will let Fancy disctate me what Christ suffered before his ignorant contemporaries thought it worth the effort to write some of it down. I am certain that he was purposely and ostentatiously during the circulation of official notifications by the family Kappelman. He alone among all the hill and desert orators was not a knight of the Lion of Juda. His articles in the newspapers were not answered, he was ignored at literary congresses, and the saga that he -either as Nazarene or Essener- wore his hair long (unless this was a wanton-historic speculation by monastic painters in order to make him look as a handsome boy in the eyes of women)....

Well.... my guess is that no fashionable barber in Jerusalem wanted to serve him.

So I must confess that his sublimely: breed of vipers and whited sepulchres sounded quite unfashionable in people's ears, fi!

Now my letter begins to resemble a treatise, and I have not said a thing about your translation. It was, I believe, a difficult task that you have accomplished better than I, in view of the singularity of our lower-German, deemed possible. There is something staccato in our to ngue, that I can find nowhere, not even in English. With the assistance of the sincere iambic-meter and rhymelessness. (Rhyme is growing more and more disagreeable to me. My guess is that after centuries it will be adduced as evidence of our poor taste that we inherited from the monks)

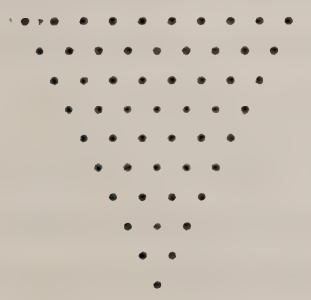
That I might have to criticize some lines of your translation is self-evident, and probably you are not pleased with each expression,(the same as I am displeased with my entire piece) but as a whole I find it very good.

But is nommé (line 16) not a printer's error for nommez (imperatif)?

Just now I re-read your entire piece. It may be my fault, but its verse-french is too pompeus for me. I am unable to swallow Racine and Corneille, nor Lamartine. And in general I cannot stand verse. When I am guilty of it -outside of tom-foolery as, for instance, Wouter's dream- I can only use iambs. I object to other meter (especially rhyme)! But it may be a matter of taste: de qua non disputendum.

My second page is full and I have just enough room for a friendly farewell. I am long overdue in Ghent. I owe Crombrugghe's Genootschap an appearance, but time and time again I was interrupted. On the 14th I will lecture at Antwerp. Can they use me one or two days after that in Ghent? Once more, farewell, g. d. u.

Douwes Dekker.



IX. Continued.

Be this so, I plod, I try as much as I can. The worst of it is that the cost rises again so, all what takes longer: you down there and I here will need more.... 'tis the old story.

The question if you -when there is talk about the Indies- should go along or not, weighs me down. Now I say yes, and then no. I hope it would only be for a couple of years, and then I would return as a delegate, and then you would with, I suggest Eugenie, live in England probably. 'Tis very hard, but then: carrying Edu now to the Indies would also be terrible. Oh, tell me frankly what you think about it, and do not think that I would consider your staying here as being an unkindness, and also you must not accuse me of being unkind when I think about leaving. I am deeply in love with you and long to be home.

My only recreation is chess, there are quite a few people here who like the game, and all in all I rather live here than in The Hague. Going out for pleasure I do not. All the time I have been away I have not been in Variete, but that's nothing. I just as soon play chess.

I visit Siet as often as her parents allow me. I have to be so careful not to cause offense by introducing new ideas. She is quite devoted to me. She writes me often and never forgets to send you her hearty greetings. I am aware that you are prejudged against her since Buthe. And therefore I write less about her than I would otherwise. S he is very robust and frank, also quite openhearted with me. 'Tis funny how that arificial little structure of a narrowminded upbringing collapses at the moment it's touched.

She hopes to be with us.

That Theodoor is a lovely, trustful boy and intelligent too. It's amazing how well he bears his mother's rudeness, and not at all from indifference, but because his sisters, for the sake of peace, have asked him to. That woman is not bad, she even has much good in her, but she is coarse. What also is lovely is the relation between Theo and Seit. That I have seldom seen between brother and sister.

Anna is mixed up for sure. I've come to believe with Siet and Catherina that there is a tile loose. She has written me a letter that looks like coming from a ten year old. This is so much more remarkable because Siet writes so well. She has indeed style, which is rare. If she will be led well that, in a certain sense means: not led, she might, as her intellect ripens, excell in writing. She has the characteristic of writing as she thinks, and that is rare for her age, while then most of them still (and many even always) have too much school in their writing; withal she has images, often inexact but never forced. She also has a kind of slovenliness in her phrases, which shows that she is not aware of it that she is writing.

"After seeing such a garden I feel only then how prosaic my little bleachfield is.... oh, comprehend me well! But do not worry about it, as with all that gene and narrowness there is something sublime; I can think as I please, I can dream as I please, I can hope as I please, that they cannot blame me for, that they cannot deprive me of. Into that no one can force me!!"

What do you think of that coming from a daughter of Abrahamsz, from a girl that is brought up in all kinds of narrowmindedness?

Lately I am much annoyed by cold hands. Whether it comes from nervousness, I do not know, but writing is difficult for me.

Dagh girl. Keep a stiff upperlip. Kiss the dear children.

X.

Wednesday morning.
Postmark: Amsterdam March 29, 1861.

Lovely dearest Tine. There I receive your little letter of yesterday with the little violet. I am deeply sorry that you are so melancholy but that must be physical. What does it help me that I write you a hundred times: keep up, try to see it through, etc. I too have adversities but I struggle on. Now you prevail on me to be together again before the 10th of April. That will be very hard on me. Not because I do not like it but just because I feel so much for you that I would come at once without that date of April 10. I assure you that I long for home, it's not because of a date. Did you think I would stay away if I could come? The money with which I would have made the trip home, I sent you. What more could I do? I am praising myself for maintaining myself. In Rotterdam I paid. Not in The Hague. And how I shall get away from here, I do not know. I am at Poolssche Koffie huis. You know how lodging costs run up, well now, I still have one guilder. And in spite of it I was cheerful and hoped for relief. Now there I get your grievous letter of yesterday and that insisting on April 10. I can assure you that I deeply long for home, also without that memorable day. I assure you that I shall be glad to come home even were it April 2 or 6 or 12. You also write that that other thing leaves you indifferent.... good.... provided you do not desire me to think it nice, virtuous or decent. I just think it simply insipid and unpleasant, nothing else.

I do my utmost and swallow much. I have spared you all the descriptions of it, hoping to soften it all for your feelings by at last succeeding in getting a good result. I live still in that hope, but when I get such insipied, grieving letters, you make it difficult for me. You being under pressure, I am well aware of. I suffer enough because of it.... I sleep on a bed of roses no more than you do. If you knew what those f25 and the f60 cost me, you would not spur me on as it were by setting dates for me. The last of the month you give as a decision to move and April 10 as a wish for me to come home. Well now, if I can I'll send you

(money for moving, that is. MDDS)

even if there were no question of the last of the month, and if I can I'll also come home even were there no question of April 10. God knows that I do not need urging for it. Life is very bitter for me.

I beseech thee to keep things going. I am against moving. When I see an opportunity I'll fetch you to The Hague.

According to van Straten (and also according to the letters which he read to me) the blame for the postponement of the subscription lies with van Vloten who, when all was ready, and the day was there for launching the piece, suddenly asked for one more conference. Van Straten is angry about it. He still wants to continue. Today he confers with Veth -but the entire situation is so complicated, first of all through the offer of the minister to let me go to the Indies- or well that waiting for the new Goernor General- that I cannot tell you all. I must have patience.

W e often say: we've seen worse. Well now, that is true today. I stand well with Rochussen. If van Zuylen becomes G. G. , which is still possible so long no one else is named, he would support me. The present minister of Colonies wants to help me,(although not generously, but even so it's something.) Van Straten wants to take up the matter of getting subscriptions. The manner how is again not quite in accordance with my wishes, but again it is something. You see, all in all there is something growing, must you now, after such long patience and suffering, become impatient? 'Tis really true that things have been worse!

I am again in Amsterdam and in Polen. The clientele in that cafe is quite amicable. Everybody knows me. Siet is quite hearty and even passionate. Suddenly there comes something to mind. Might that be the reason behind your unnecessary insistence? Say it openly for once. I confess that I like her very much. Tine, girl, how can you become so reactionary? And I tell her always that you stand above that. Will you now give me a dementi? (Make me a prevaricator, Tr.) Have I already written you that I received a letter from Otillie at Cassel? That too is a passionate little head, but when you read her letters you will see that she continually speaks about you. Siet too is longing to see you. I told her yesterday that if she could live with us she would quickly attach herself more to you than to me. You see, so do I for you, and now you suddenly become as any other. By the fiery constitution of Siet I feel myself very much attracted since, neither for her nor for myself do I seek virtue in insipidity of temparament,

but never have I sacrificed of you the breadth of a hair, neither in my thoughts nor in my conversations. You will see from Otillie's letters how she speaks about you. That certainly is a reflection of the impressions she got from me about you. Love, I would that you let me free in this. You do not risk anything by it, on the contrary.

In April Abrahamsz is going to sea again. The girls Anna and Siet now study at my insistence in order to pass an examination. Anna has been asked by a young preacher to marry him, but it has come to nothing. Through her hesitation, I believe. She does not know what she wants. Yes, no, no, yes. She is definitely the least of the three, in knowledge as well as in judgment. Cahterina is a robust, candid, intelligent girl, we have misjudged her. Siet is the person who, to my idea, resembles me most. Thusly she attaches herself entirely to me, and the child always says then: if Everdine will allow it. Do not blame her now; I have led her to believe that we stood above a usual marriage.

It's singular how, as I write, I get the idea that you are jealous, and that your melancholy sprouts from my stay in Amsterdam. I confess that I like Siet very much, that I love to be with her, I cannot repel an attachment such as hers, but it is not for that reason that I came to Amsterdam. I came here to learn the truth about the subscription deal, and make a decision concerning going to the Orient.

Now love, I am not angry with you, only feel sorry. I do what I can. Thank the dear children for their flower, it's very lovely. As soon as I know something I'll write, and when I have a little money I'll send it. I shall do what I can.

XI.

My dear good Tine. As early as day before yesterday I received your letter. Pity us. It's now clear that van Straten is the only one who will resolutely see the matter of the subscription through, all the others have pulled in their sails. I have now read the piece that was ready as early as December. It contained phrases that disturbed me but still there is much in it that sound rather well. But now there is another piece proposed, but that is such that I'll have to decline it. Van Straten agrees with me on that. Imagine now what I am up against. When one has cleared it another says no, and at last the whole story comes down to this: "unwill". With the exception of van Straten. He is very congenial and cooperative, I must say.

I did not write about Eugenie because verily I do not know what to do. If we had been helped I would have long ago written to V. H.

(the guardian of Eugenie, MDDS.)

but now I know nothing. Things are not well with her, otherwise she would have written, more' s the pity! The same I think as you do, that she is in misery again and for that reason hides herself. It's in her character to hide grief. This is really something noble. Look here I hold it for certain that she is in a house again, ready for all! and she would have nothing to do with me because she did not want you to be cheated. I think she is a noble creature. It's self evident that we'll look for her as soon as we can help, but why now?

I do what I can. It's good to know that you have just enough till the first. I want to wait as long as I can before asking. When the main thing materializes I'll ask van Straten, but not before,

Dagh lovely angel, dagh children. I'm pondering on starting a subscription without those people. The deal is this: I want the motives to be political, and they want to turn it into welfare. It's from poltroonery, that's all what's the matter.

XII.
Saturday.

I am all upset. Veth is a weakling because he does not want to offend D. v. T. All right, I will see what course to take. Van Straten is chummy but he complains bitterly about hard times, high expendutures, etc. That's no news to you.

Since you must have money without fail, I am addressing van Vloten with this mail telling him that you are desperately in need. I hope he will help you, get set for a visit.

XIII.
Wednesday morning.
(postmark: April 17, 1861.)

Lovely angel. Van Vloten declines to help. I'm indignant. I just have these f10, which I had difficulty to obtain. I'll send you more as soon as I can. Poor, poor Tine, I am angry. I will do my utmost. Oh, those people!

Van Vloten writes precisely as if he has entirely forgotten about the agreement on the subscription. And on that I've waited so long. Dagh angel. Try to hold on, difficult as it is. I shall do what I can. If you happen to meet any one of the v. Vl.'s my advice is to say nothing, but ask if he withdraws his word about the subscription. And say that I have relied on it for many months. 'Tis miserable.

XIVI.

Tuesday.
(postmark: 30 April 1861.

Lovely heart.

I am working for Nygh, whose letter I ma iled you yesterday. What will come of it I do not know yet. I do not want to take out the time for going to change money. But that's not the matter either. I was terribly pre-occupied about the question whehter you had to move before 12. No, remain where you are as yet, I am still in negotiations and can not decide just now. First I have to finish that thing for Nygh, then I'll see if I can do business with him. I work with difficulty and not the way I like it.

Still, I'm sending you f60. I must go out for a walk in order to cheer up, I'm so dull. I have not the least inspiration. Dagh engel, I love you. Kiss the children.*

*) Aforementioned letter from mister Nygh sounded as follows:

28/4/61.

Dear Sir,

If I judge you well, then you will this time certainly lend an ear to my wish.

How strange it may seem to you I, who am aware of your financial position, come to you begging for commisseration!

No doubt you have read yesterday's paper, and along with me you are deeply moved by the condition of so many of our fellow beings in the Indies.

Let us give evidence of our sympathy and you show your greatness of character by helping, although You are being forgotten.

Describe to our Netherland population a situation in the Indies such as you can imagine it is after such a flood. Your poetic pen will know how to create it in accordance with nature there, and not only that the entire receipts will go to help the needy, but you will have done the good work of having awakened the general public to charity. I will distribute it in the Indies too. By this deed you will avenge yourself in a noble manner.

Come on, go to work and your pen will fly over the paper, a couple of sheets of print at most will suffice.

For now send me the title of your sketch, then I'll have the lists printed for subscription and send these out.

In flying haste,
(signed) H. N Y G H.

XV.

Thursday 2 May 1861.

Dear Heart! The past few days I have written you very carelessly. I wrote something as a result of that letter from Nygh, which I sent you; how I do not know! I am not, or only partly satisfied with it. It will be surprising to me when I see it in print. I'm really scared of it. Nygh calculated that such a piece from me might bring f6000 ! that idea bothered me. Is it not beastly that something like that must serve for people in Java who really do not need it, and in whose need best could be provided from the Indies' budget, while you and I are in need and we are left in need? 'Tis bitter!

Be this as it may, this and other considerations (I am bothered by Fuhri too who has asked at least three times how the subscription is getting along!) did bring about that for lack of leisure I failed to write to suit me- but that was no reason for refusing Nygh.

The letter from Eugenie is most lovely, but now that foolish girl does not give her address. Look for yourself, I'm returning the letter to you.

My dear girl, when I answer your letters so sporadically do not for gods sake think that I am not interested in your writings. I am always so happy when I get your letters and you write so lovely.

I never go to Variety or something like that. I do go to the girls often, above all since Abrahamsz and his wife have gone to Den Helder. My relation with Siet is.... Yes, how shall I describe it. I have never seen such emotion. A française has nothing in comparison. She is, believe it or not, glowing with love for you. Personally I like her very much, but I fear for her little self (above all in the insipid environment that dulls all expression for her) when left alone. I foresee that she will make history as that little head and that frame is not made for rest. Do not

condemn her too quickly because she is different than you are. She has much aptitude to grasp all, to learn all but withal an amazing passion. Such an ignorant father who is not aware of what occupies the mind of his own child! It is impossible for her not to play a role in the world, but too bad that this role probably will remain short of great if she is left abandoned. She has enwrapped me, that I confess, but still I would, for my wish, prefer to see her with you without me. I believe that you would be able to guide her well, but circumstances do not permit that, alas.

Being aware that we (or I, alas) will go to the Orient, or that there is a possibility of it, she is studying for an examination to go to the Orient for something together with us. Now if we should be in a reasonable position, this would be well. If her poor environment did not stand in her way, it's my opinion that she would become a writer. She has style, which is rare, and above all when one considers her upbringing, that in fact was quite homely and narrow.

Lately she wrote:

"I still thank you for the Prayer of an Inquirer. It has everything, doubt, belief, softness and sharpness, and the ending is so sarcastic! You always appear to me as if you have two souls."

But passion rules her at the moment, and I fear for her when she will be on her own....

As for me, I have sincerely proposed to her not to see her any more, but I cannot force myself to it.

I wished she were with you.

A propos, love, do you have the pages of the beginning of the novel: Fancy, with you? I must finish it for Nygh. But you need not mail them. I really would have liked to have had a little more leisure for that thing for Nygh; but I am terribly upset. That Veth! Shameful! You have no idea of men's worthlessness.

It seems that there is much public ado about my process. The pleading will be on the 15th....

Dagh little heart, dagh dearest children. It's not my fault that I stay away so long. When things run so continually against me and fail, it makes me think that you will feel it's my fault.

The people here (P. K.)
(Poolsche Koffiehuis)
are most lovely. I cannot praise it enough. But the end still remains: paying! Oh, that miserable money!

XVI.
Monday morning. (6 May 1861).

Dearest dearest Tine! There I get your long letter, no, dear girl, I am not at all angry about it, I feel very well that you do your duty. I reply at once in order to tell you that. I shall try to spare Siet. What you say about "at home" and being together, I realize, and I agree with you. The poor child is insistent and ardent, and this I ascribe for the greater part to the stringent bond in which she has always been kept. Nature will not be left out, and shows itself stronger in accordance to the degree to which it is suppressed.

I can assure you that as for myself I might write her off, but it goes against my grain tremendously to let her stand alone, above all because then I will let her have the grievance of having completely committed herself and that I play the virtuous one. This I should have done sooner

but I did not foresee such passion. This will always remain to be regretted of you that you cannot quite grasp such a thing because you do not share it, which is purely a difference in physical construction. You are not sensuous, and thusly cannot quite penetrate into the position of those who are. Are you aware that such unfortunates often spend whole nights in a raving desire? Now you say that you pity it, and that I believe, but it's confined to a victory over yourself since fundamentally you dislike it.

I appreciate your observations, and even contend that nothing should happen, neither in nor outside the house.

However the question is how must I act in order to spare her without being repulsive or grieving. She has frankly told me that she wants to belong to me, and if I now play the Grandisson she will stand alone and ashamed. There is something false in it. And from another viewpoint, yet I myself wish that nothing will happen for her sake as well as mine.

Yet, in spite of it I am sorry because you have something against her, although she reveres you as a saint. From time to time I tell her something from your letters and she would dash through a fire for you. She never writes me or there is something in it about you, and when she is in doubt about her passion and prudence it's never without: I wanted to speak to Everdine about that. Siet is aware of my feeling about you, you may ask her about that, or rather pay attention to what she thinks about my love for you and then you will realize that you have often been a thankless wight because you always say: one more! You commit a sin there.

But do not imagine now that S. has only physical needs and otherwise is a nobody. She is extremely handsome, intelligent, independent of spirit, poetical and sharp at the same time, quite frank, proud, ambitious.... and then look into her upbringing and environment for once! It's true that she attracts me by her passion, but if that were all, it would mean little. I claim that she is an interesting girl, who certainly is worthy of attention, and needs assistance in becoming something else than a housekeeper. Now she attaches herself to me, wishes to bind her future with us, and I cannot repel her without falseness. I should prefer to see her with you, without me, as I confess that an intrigue would not be good.

I still have a little money and can send you some. I can send you fr.100 and shall attend to it. You can take care of it better than I.

It's false of thee to say that Siet is probably more worthy than thee, and that she would suit me much better than thee. You cannot mean that; for once come out frankly that you mean it! You are quite well aware that I would be mortally unhappy without you, and you realize quite well the difference between a caprice and the relation between you and me, which is infinitely deeper. Now say for once on your word of Tine that you mean it. It's unreal of you. And you would be quite angry if I did not contradict you on that point. My dearly beloved, it is not true that ever any one but you would be more fitted for me, and you know it quite well, and also when it came down to choosing that I myself would never give you up. It's politic of you to say that, but nice of you it is not.

Oh, our dear boy with his pegtop, and Non with her endless beads. I get as hot as fire when I think of home.

Can you think of a little extra fun, then have it, I'll send you money. Too bad the weather is so cold. Take advantage of the first warm day for some extra fun, a ride for instance.

Too bad that in your letter there are passages that must disturb Siet, otherwise I might let her read it, but now it's infeasible. Her conduct at the Buthe, indefensible as it was, must certainly have been unintentional, just because she was immature and did not intend to be mean but unconsciously was forced to it. I am thinking about putting a letter in your pen which I can let her read, in which you warn her and me in a lovely way.

Now I'm mailing you this one in haste so that you will not have to fret for answer to yours. 'Tis 6th May and I'm writing with frozen fingers.

Dagh dear heart, do not even entertain the thought that I place any one above you. Kiss our dear children.

Dagh my Tine, my own Tine.

XVII.

Thursday morning.
(16 May 1861.)

Dearest Tine, you are an angel my girl, that I was well aware of. Would that you knew all what I have told and written Siet about you, then you would be content with me.

I write in haste, being I am busy. The pleading took place y esterday (verdict within 14 days) and there the Amst. Courant has given a so partisan and mean report of the matter, that I must take action against it. Requiring a conference with my attorney. Hence my being busy.

Also a negotiation with Nygh concerning starting a periodical, thusly: considerable stir. I've done something about which I am ashamed, namely I've spent money; I've lost my bearings. I do have an excuse, but still it oppresses me terribly. I'll tell you later in detail. It's for that reason I cannot send you any money today, but I hope to do so soon.

But my hoping on sending you money soon is not because of Siet, as knowing her home atmosphere I am certain it will not be allowed. I would like very much for her to stay with you, even more than with me, but not at present. I'll try later. Siet is capable of becoming an independent woman.

Today I've forwarded the letter you wrote her.

XVIII.

Monday morning.

My dear Tine. I've not immediately replied to your letter of day before yesterday because I'm waiting again. That waiting! And writing is so cumbersome and boring, just because each time I think I'm getting somewhere, and each time I'm nowhere.

The tactic of my opponents is:slander! You can read it precisely in Max Havelaar. I foresaw it. "For such a poet one might take a bow, but.... he beats his wife! And then we use the woman's blue marks to hold our heads high!" Read the entire passage. 'Ts precise. They say that I drink, that I abuse you, that in a word I am a scoundrel. You have no idea of it!

In the process with v. Lennep too....

(What here follows in this letter may be found in part IV.)

Pieter at Den Helder is very ill. I fear danger. That worries me. I would like to go there, but cannot.

Listen, I grant all what you write about Siet, and that through constraint only you are able to be chummy. I realize this and so does she. But the fact remains that she is devoted to you. I am not speaking now of a phrase, but it is so. She is a noble child and so is Theodoor. It's touching to see how much he loves her. He is a lovely boy and trustful as gold. Yesterday he left church early so he could deliver a little letter from Siet to me. That letter was rather chummy so that I am certain she would not have Theodoor read it. Well now, it was open. I asked him: Is that letter open because Siet wanted you to read it, or because she knew that you would not read it? Quite simply he said: "Siet told me I was not allowed to read it," no more, as if it was self evident that he would not do so.

That boy, and the girls too, really suffer under that stepmother (who yet has much that's good, which the girls readily admit, but she is bossy and rude. She commands not unlike a Prussian corporal.) That mother seldom gives a proper, never a polite or kind answer. You have no idea of it, and I admire the children's patience. The girls and Theo live with it. They all say that the woman is not at all bad, they charge it to her tone alone.

Which does not prevent that they all want to leave home. Siet and Theodoor hope to come to us. To be with us is their dream. There is something lovely in it that, at our depressed situation, our home is a comfort, a promised land! I tell them much about you, about Edu and Nonnie, of our easy way of getting along; and the constraint in which they move makes them long for so much freedom.

Do you think that the girls -Catherina is 25 and Siet 19- have the right to go for a walk if they so desire? Do you think that they dare go out

to play chess on Sunday, or that Siet who is now taking a study course for an examination, is free to read, to write, to study as much as she pleases? Oh no, housekeeping (!) comes first and dominates everything. Isn't that terrible? And Siet is truly worth the trouble for development. She has style, and I know no one who has it. That certainly says a good deal. Is it not deplorable that something like that must be pushed aside?

I like Siet very much but quite aside from that it is still hard to watch this. If she could devote herself to study for a couple of years she surely would be learned enough to be independent. Isn't it a moral murder to obstruct her in that?

I am tolerated by the family (father, mother, uncle Koo, grandfather etc. etc.) but my association with the girls is looked upon as quite pernicious. Siet is now at war with Ds. van der Goot about her belief. For that I am to blame. In which, of course, they are not mistaken. V. D. Goot has said at the catechizing that she was quite as haughty as her uncle. And that tickled her. The haughtiness existed in refusal to accept some biblical nonsense or other. She must now be baptized, but this is being delayed because she refuses to make her confession of faith in accordance with the sense of the Lord. It's curious. That confession of faith is in scripture. Now take into account that Ds. van der Goot has made alterations in it, and Siet has protested this reasonably! How can Ds. van der Goot write what I confess? she asks.

But she relies much on you. You must be made aware that I scold her so heavily because I love her so. You know once for all how unpleasant I can be in giving evidence of my love. No, sans jokes, when I turn so strongly against you, it's always bec use of my thinking that you are insipid. Now I love her so that I turn against her. This I did recently. I accused her of being insipid.

(Get this well. I was being slandered by her people; they scoff at my poverty. She is not allowed to go for a walk with me, but Jan is. She is not allowed to stay at our house, but with him, yes. Now you know how irritable I am on that point, and perhaps unjustly so. But comprehensible it is. And when she, instead of loyally and stoutly taking my part, gives in, then I get angry and the theme is: you say that you are so attached to me, but when it comes to a showdown you join others who slander me, etc. You can realize this. But it's difficult for her too since by openly taking my side people would grasp the nature of our relationship that is much too intimate for their notions, and that must not be. The upshot is that I myself advise her to be cautious, and still cannot bear it when she is.)

Recently I had attacked her severely about that and ended by telling her that I would leave her. There was in my talk much to which I still adhere. The entire relationship is lovely and noble if it is quite, quite spontaneous but, I said, when you are so insipid, when you first lead me to believe that you are infatuated with me, and attached to me above all, and show later on that it is only superficial, then I find a scruple in our relationship. And this remains true. Often I have experienced, how foolish it may sound, that a girl would seduce me. They are coaxing, hearty, I respond and later it appears that she was just having a little fun. I adhere to my principle that even in the most intimate relation there is no evil, yes even loveliness, but for that there must exist spontanuity, so that afterwards she cannot say: "that he did", but: "that we did, and I wanted it so!" Well now Siet declared that she

wanted to be mine as soon as I realized that I could support her, etc. I did see no evil whatsoever in it. But when I now observe something which I consider insipid, I recoil, as then I see that she, being insipid already now, afterwards will turn quite around and accuse me of having taken advantage of her youth. Be this as it may I had attacked her severely and said that all was off. "If you really loved me, you would have done this or that, and not written that, etc. Now I am not responsible, etc...."

In very sad and passionate letters she begs me not to leave her alone. She pleads: "do not make me unfortunate!" (this means that I must not break with her.) Well now, in those letters she states: "I want to complain about my despair to Everdine!" Don't you think that lovely of her? There is something touching in it, something deeply confidential that she steadfastly believes that you will bring me back to her, just you! Oh, for once compare those relations with such of ordinary people. That we have a common bond is now accepted between you and me, but is it not beautiful of her that she appeals to you about me? And mark it well, to do just what any other woman would refuse. Isn't that confidence noble?

I have looked for the letter and am sending it on to you. You will realize how it touched me. It's indeed a lovely child with a good heart.

Yes I am sending you that letter, dear Tine. You will comprehend. Consider that she imitates nothing. She has read no novels. Do you feel what there is in that heart? Tell me if this time I am mistaken?

I admit that your judgment about such things is clearer than mine. Well now, judge Siet this time. But I feel less kinship toward the whole than I do for that one word: "I shall lay my despair before Everdine." She herself cannot be aware of what it contains. Also she does not digress about it, and does not think about making a weapon of her confidence in you, an impression of her heart only that in anguish seeks help with you. My dear, beloved Tine, is that impression not sublime?

I confess to having cried as I read those letters, and that I love her deeply. Tell me, can that be otherwise?

The Saidjah-elegy has now come out. Its componist

(Richard Hol)

primarily made it for violoncel, but for its issue had to be re-arranged for piano (an insipid instrument) because piano*music alone covers costs tant soit peu. (However small, Tr.) However, 'tis a pity as it loses much in expression. The violoncello is eloquent. I see little in it for piano. Siet plays it. She says: still with a hitch, but within two days she will play it "mooi". ("mooi" is a popular Dutch expression for anything pleasing to the senses. Tr.)

'Tis funny how everything turns out counter to expectations. I had induced Hol, an intelligent young man, artist through and through, to write that elegy. But now it's only called "Saidjah" without the sub-title: "I do not know where I shall die!"
From the Max Havelaar.

True, this is a trifle, bit it's saddening that everything is done so differently from what is ordered.

Also the brochure W. m. d. p. w. i. g. h. (Wys my the plaats waar ik gezaaid heb: Show me the place where I have sowed. Tr.) once more is not publicised as it should be. Nygh, namely, is unwilling to pay the regular booksellers the customary commission and now the latter are boycotting its circulation. Even today I got a letter from Hofstede at Gorkum that he could not obtain it there. 'Tis saddening.

And that causes something else. You may recall that I was negotiating with Nygh about printing. I demanded an advance and high remuneration. Well now; simultaneously he begs me for that thing about flood distress. During that negotiation about distribution, about selling my ideas, appears that brochure. It is <u>not</u> send out on commission, <u>not</u> widely sold. The conditions are such that it is not likely to sell well (readers have to send money in advance, etc.) What is the result?

That my product goes down in value, that I can be had cheaper!

Is it not to make one bitter? But I am not selling myself to Nygh. Not now!

Something else again! I was aware that The Prayer of an Inquirer had beauty and might become popular. I made a contrat with Hofstede, who is an outstanding draughtsman, to make an allegorical presentation of it. With much effort I managed to have it put on stone by the best lithographer in our country (by reputation). That picture I intended to sell. Hofstede's draught was beautiful and striking and the gravure is very, very mediocre! So that I'm thinking about it strongly to cancel its entire distribution. Is it not discouraging? I'll send you a copy, perhaps you think it reasonably good, but that's because you have not

seen the original drawing that was infinitely better. The inquirer in the drawing is a noble, strong face, there is suffering in it, but courage too, the sadness is bitter, the resignation is haughty -and on the gravure it's a cry-baby. More yet: in the picture the avenging angel was a beautiful ghostly figure (genial indeed) on the gravure it's a debutante. The drawing was poetical, the gravure is flat. Too bad.

Now, angry girl, now I've filled three pages full. Keep your head high, there is hope. I've been promised help. If it materializes I'll be home in a jiffy, at once! People here are excellent for me. It is indeed touching. Mynhardt
(the owner of Poolsche Koffiehuis)
is hearty and so is the entire personnel. 'Tis inspiring, and every body knows I'm out of money.

XIX.

Friday evening. (31 May 1861.)

My beloved Tine! The reason for not writing you sooner is that I have been to Den Helder and just now came home. I'm too tired now to write a long letter and I write in haste because from the letter which I find now I see that you have been sad. Lovely angel, you had no reason for it. Had you not been able to perceive, exactly from that relation with Siet, how I feel about you? You are a foolish girl. You must not have the least misgiving on that point. More tomorrow. Peter is in a very serious condition. Dagh dearest Tine, my Tine. Kiss the dear kids. Oh, tomorrow is Non's birthday.

XX.

Friday morning. (87) June 1861.

My good Tine! I'm very busy and so: brief. Listen, now I speak quite in earnest, do you think then that it does not hurt me that you always say that? Most of all because it happens that I have all kinds of experiences that would prove to the unthinking that you are right. And it is not true.

I am infatuated with Siet. Theodoor brough me the enclosed note (unsealed). Pay good attention to the heart; and then you will realize how I am touched by such a poetic prodigy. (Tell me exactly if I see correctly, that's what you are for, that's your call and I appreciate your judgment highyl.) I confess that she bewitches me and I ask you if I see erroneously. But listen now, never, never was I unfaithful to you. On the contrary. On the contrary, I stand in need of sharing my emotions with you.

Jan is busy agitating Siets against me. He will try to get the house denied me. He has gone to Den Helder, and when he returns he will tell Siets once for all what a bad individual I am.

Siet is ready for him.

He is furious. Primarily because I refuse to write in favor of Free Labor. Apropos. Bekking has been dismissed in disgrace for jobbery with the tobacco manufacturers.... But with a pension.

Ask mister van Vloten for the newspaper that reported it. H. and Eff. Blad.

And the Government was not even aware of all the facts, namely that he was a shareholder. 'Tis an infamous clique and Duymaer Van Twist held the leading strings! I may write about it.

Process v. L. (first sitting) I have lost. Never mind! Appeal! I shall see to that.

I have no time. Enclosed letter from Seit I've had for a couple of day s already.

Yes, our poor Piet has succumbed!

Dagh angel, dagh dear children. You have done a real good deed by greeting Theo. He is a noble boy..I would like to have him with Edu. He is honest and deeply faithful and well behaved. 'Tis a jewel of a lad. That boy admires us as heroes. I believe he would even fight for us. I rely on his word as if it were a rock. Is that not beautiful? (13 years!) His attachment to Siet is touching. A kiss from her is his reward. I have never seen the like between sister and brother. He too is impatient for joining us. Sundays he leaves church early to be with me, and in the morning he steals five minutes from his school time.

I really have to tell you a good deal, but lack the time. Dagh my Tine. I love you dearly, I assure you that all my emotions are related to you. Do not let Siet know that you read her letters, not because of secrecy, but because I do not want her to become artificial. Write me your verdict about her, after her writings. Do you realize that she inspires me? That's so. The Prayer of an Inquirer is causing a furor. The brochure about the flood distress in the Indies too. 3000 thousand copies already sold and it goes steadily on.

XXI. SATURDAY.

Dear Tine, I have your letter of Thursday and really, although I think that in the main you are right, and although I acknowledge that it is well that you write the way you think about the matter, there still is something in it which I think unlovely. Here and there your tone is sharp and to that I am not accustomed from you. Writing is an unpleasant thing, one is akways misunderstood, and I fear that now you misunderstand me too. You are right in fact, 'tis impossible to argue against that, but your tone is unlovely, such as I always expect. I ascribe this only to an absence of emotions that play a main role with some. I have always told you the truth about Siet

and her feeling for you is so genuine that it does indeed hurt me that you stand so surlily opposed to it. I would have desired so much that I might have read your warning letters to her if their had reigned a hearty tone in it, but there appear phrases in it that are cruel to her. No matter how sharp or how rude you had written to me it would not have mattered, but through all of that there shines a kind of dislike against her, and that she does not deserve. Her abandonment to me, contra to custom, morals and environment you should think beautiful. That you should now blame me for this, for taking advantage of this, I have no objection, but she is not guilty. She is noble of spirit and receptive for the highest impressions. Now does it become you to belittle her because she is body and soul what nature demands? We will never agree on that point!

In your persistence regarding her there is much that bothers me. I confess that on that point you are unassailable, but I think that's just something cold in you, and that reminds me of Z. who too imagines he is great, manly and virtuous because he is insensate to certain emotions. He would parade as a high philosopher because he never joins a jolly, léger (light) wanton conversation. 'Tis simply because he is incapable of taking part, and now he turns stiffness into merit. That's unreasonable.

And on the reverse side your raideur (coldness) makes me so bitterly sad because I always assured her in good faith that you comprehended all without actually sharing it. I have told her a hundred times that you had a grand, free concept, that you were not a bond for me, but a support. Well now, you are saying, am I not supporting you when I warn you against something that is wrong and may have grievous consequences? Certainly that

is indeed quite correct and good, and I accept it thankfully -I hope to conduct myself accordingly- I do not complain about that, but I complain about your tone against her. That tone is sacerdotal. You are quite right in saying that you have missed your calling of preacher's wife, (in this instance only). If Siet were staying with you she would put you to shame with her heartiness and you would see that even as a wife one need not be so cold and insipid physically in order to possess nobility of soul. On the contrary she it is who has to vanquish something alien to you. Is she inferior because of that?

Siet is quite sincere with me. She has had the courage to reveal her heart entirely; a hundred other girls in her position would have hedged, but not she. Is she inferior because of that?

And what has she really said? That à tort et à travers (unconditionally) she wanted to belong to me? Not at all. S he says that she wishes to belong to me body and soul if I ask for it.She says that she loves me so that she will hold nothing from me, come what may, should I demand it. She says that she relies on me, that she accepts as good what I accept as good, that no sacrifice is too great for her, too alien, too hazardous should I deem it necessary, so as to prove to me that she adheres to me indivisibly, she only adds that it must cause Everdine no grief, because she ranks you very highly. Recently she was in deep travail and without your name having been mentioned she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, I would like so much to talk to Everdine!" I have always directed her to you. I have constantly held before her that in you she would have a hearty guide in whom she could have complete confidence, -this latter always touches her so because it happens that she suffers from uncommunicativeness

in her family- and now consider how hard it is for me that you contrast this with a certain raideur (coldness, Tr.) You are so good otherwise, whence did you get that sharpness?

Already three times you have indirectly*

*) the continuation is lacking)

XXII
Wednesday morning. (12 June 1861.)

Dearest, lovely Tine. I have your letter. I am busy, busy. I write

"Loveletters
from
M u l t a t u l i ."

Loveletters, yes. Of thunder and lightning. I really have to write you a great deal, but I cannot. I haven't got time, I must neglect you, but you must write me. You are my upper best Tine, my Tine. Believe me that Siet is an angeles for me, and so is that fine Theodoor.

Ill write only sparingly these days, do not worry about it.

I just have no time. I have a strange affair. (Nothing involving women). I am mesmerizing. Let me be.*

*) Dek had gotten acquainted with two men, Schuurman and a certain Heekeren or Hekeren who, I think, gave sceances and made a study of mesmerism. Dek was much interested in their tests and often attended them. He too conducted tests. Lack of leisure caused him to abandon it).

I, who lack money for you, for myself, for our children, saved a family yesterday, who needed f400.-

That is my answer to the everywhere scattered tale "that I am a swindler, a thief."

In return for the f 400 I write Loveletters. Let me be.

But I too have been promised money. Everything goes so slimey. Except

Except what I do. That man needed f 400 before June 11 and he had the money on the 10th.

Dagh angel. Oh, I would like so much to enclose one of Siet's letters. It's difficult for me to refrain from it. 'Tis a noble child.

Never has such a writer arisen. That is true! I'll show you! I shall write as a god and a devil. I shall bewitch them and make them tremble. That I shall.

But talent it is not, it is soul!

Do not complain about my love affair with Siet. She inspires me. Write her that. If you like.

Kiss the dear, dear children.

I am in a mood to write as a thunder storm. The Max shall compare to it as nothing. Let me be.

I long for you as mad, but I would not go home even if I were able, as I must first finish my loveletters.

How are you fixed for money?

I mean are you in immediate need?

XXIII.

Thursday noon.
(20 (?) June 1861.)

Lovely, lovely, dearest Tine! I have your letter to Siet! You are my Tine. You do not know how crazy I am about you. I write that now on purpose, not because you have written that letter, but because I knew that you would write such a letter! 'Tis as if I foresaw it when I wrote the introduction to the letters to Fancy. No, dear lovely angel, I haven't said anything too much.

Ask Siet if I love you. Do that for once. And not right now after that

beautiful letter, but always. Ask her.

I am neglecting you.

You cannot imagine what my loveletters are like. Again they resemble nothing.

I neglect you because I'm busy. I assure you that Siet and Theodoor both are worthy of your letter.

Theo would not tell Edu a single lie, even on punishment of death. He is an exceptional lad. When I still was a visitor (no longer now) he would lay his book or his slate on my knees. But that's no longer allowed.

Now Siet is forbidden to give him a kiss as he goes to sleep. That makes him grieve so.

I write in such haste now to tell you quickly that you are my most lovely angel. Just ask Siet. She'll tell you.

Dagh guys. Oh that bad boy with his cayenne pepper! Just the same, it made me laugh.

Friday.

This one lay here since yesterday. I write my loveletters. There's nothing like it. I would have difficulty telling you what it is. 'Tis everything! Poesy, sarcasm, politics, lust, sharpness, logic, god worship, all.

Yes, I'm quite aware that you must have money, dear heart.

But that's why I want to work ahead a little. Then the publisher sees that I can produce.

I do have luck, I believe. Soon you'll get more proof copy. Dagh, dear angel.

I am certain that when I finish my loveletters that every publisher will give me money.

But I must work ahead. Too bad that Gunst is poor and the others dare not print my writings.

XXIV.
Tuesday morning
(post mark 25 June 1861.)

Dear Tine! There was your letter that very much grieves me. You are wrong.

I shall not appeal to Siet to prove it, but once it is so that she is aware of what I feel for you, is it then a crime to say: ask her?

I lack the time to write you. Your letter grieves me deeply, and the worst part of it is that it interferes in my work, which is in quite another mood and also is in need of a different mood.

And you are quite confused. Just as the Public you do not grasp what it is. Well now I think that today or tomorrow I will get the third sheet from the press, from which you will see that you're wrong.

Too bad that all of a sudden you jump in between, with such an ordinary, low grade emotion.

Fi! Do I deserve that from you? Is that now a gigantian child?

Fancy is Fantaisie.

In the third sheet I let you say that....

Oh, I'm mad at you. Why didn't you write something about that creation-history, and about the construction of my plan for the loveletters?

Frankly, you demean yourself, out of harmony with everything.

I am angry.

No, I have not said to ask Siet for a proof.

Once for all I lack the time to answer such letters! You would have been more lovely if you written something about the children.

Now, here I sit again. 'Tis pleasant.

Tine, Tine, do you want me to become a certificate of impotence? Must you prevent me being an artist? That is hard!

Tineke, don't put any foolish things in your head! You make me feel sad.

XXV.
Thursday.
(27 June 1861.)

Lovely dearest girl. I see you have no money. It would surprise me very much if I were unable to send you some money today, were it but f 10.-

For the rest things stand well. I have a style as lightning. No one has ever written so... You neither grasp my fancy! That you will see. Before your sad letter I wrote that etc., briefly so that you would never have complained if you had read it. You will see, lovely angel, that I love you.

And you'll regret it very much, that will be your punishment. That I'm not sending you the sheet is because the correction goes so slow.

But I'm quite a ways down. I work well. I have a style unknown to myself. You will see, music and thunder.

For godsake try to keep going a little, and all will be well. I am turning myself into the leading writer of Europe. Have still a little more courage.

I have written the Minister of Colonies for placement, but not willingly. Here I'll be more. You will see.

You're not yourself in doubting so. I do not call Siet as a witness.

I am at outs with you, but if you will be brave, then no more. Be brave. Kiss those lovely children. The loveletters resemble nothing.

Not even the Havelaar. You'll be sorry forever for being jealous of Fancy, stupid girl!

Friday.

Dear heart! This I wrote yesterday but did not mail it because I'm looking for money for you.

Oh, were I 10, 12 days further! Then the loveletters should be finished and I'll certainly get some. But so long you cannot wait! That oppresses me. Oh god no, I'm not angry with you; but you must not doubt! Again I had a desire to say: ask Siet! but you get that wrong. I do not call her to witness, I do not mean for you to ask her. No, I mean that if you always had heard and read how I have spoken or written in enchantment to her about you, that you then would be content.

If I thought about you being insipid or not very sincere, how could it then come about that I speak to her thusly about you? You are very aware of how sincerely I love you. No, I am not angry with you.

XXVI.

Thursday evening.
(Postmark 4 July 1861.)

Lovely dearest Tine! This morning I received your letter of Monday, but probably mailed later because of the rain. I thank you sincerely for your lovely writing. I am tired. I am so bothered by hammering and scraping around me that working goes poorly ahead. I must extend myself in order not to hear the noise and that is so fatiguing.

I scarcely see Siet. She is strongly guarded. I am too tired to write you everything. Tell me how far you are with the m.b. I can't make head or tail from the mail. I have all kinds of reverses, but that's nothing. No dear, do not look forward to the reviews, that will disappoint you, they would rather stone me than speak well of me. I expect severe attacks.

Too bad that because of the terrible bustle I cannot progress more swiftly. Also the type setting does not go swiftly enough to suit me. I am planning to ask for payment as soon as I'm finished in order to come home and fetch you. Love, I am tired, the letters dance before my eyes. Kiss the dear children. As soon as I can I'll come home, I'm longing like mad. Then my plan is to live in Holland (in order to write.)

I've written to the minister, yes you have read that in the M.B. I do, of course, expect no answer. So be it, then I'm free from that direction too.

'Tis better to be alone when writing. In order to live I shall be able to earn enough and the debts will have to wait.

I am still undecided whether it's not better to live abroad. But it's so difficult for the correction etc. There is always a pro and a contra. I am tired and long to go home. Dagh, dear girl.

XXVII.

Saturday.

I read your letter written by the fountain. Very lovely, you hear. It doesn't matter if the sheets become soiled, not at all. What matters is that you have them complete with nothing lost in between. In sheet 7 there is something you'll think beautiful. Something that resembles nothing. Just think of the third tale. But love, if that is discontinued on the last page of that sheet then I'll wait till the next one is ready, I will not give it to you in pieces. 'Tis a tale that will become quite popular, I think. Gunst claimed more even than The Prayer of an Inquirer, of which thousands have been sold. Unheard of. Also unheard of is how the orders for the M. B. are coming in. 'Tis possible that the entire printing of 1500 copies are sold before they are ready. How's that?

The printing goes too slowly to suit me. When it's finished I shall ask for money. I have to write only a couple of sheets more, but I have all kinds of adversity.

That publisher certainly would trust me for f 2000, but he hasn't got it. That's unfortunate.

Your letters inspire me always. Think not that I'm uninterested as I write so little. You have no idea of how deeply I am attached to your letters. When it takes long before you write, I become sad. They always make me feel sublime (not when you scold, you know). Oh well, that's nothing. I am quite well aware how you mean it, but still I can't stand it. And you really find it very jolly that I cannot bear your scolding. That's how it is!

Oh, those fine kids. When I come home we shall all go to the fountain.. That clever Edu! I long deeply for Nonnie. Kiss them both for me.

Oh, I'll get a battering about the loveletters! Do you know what's regretful? I am being immitated, that is boring, exactly as Dirks in Menado who echoed me. It's acknowledged that I am revolutionizing literature.

Yes, revolution is my métier!

Thursday.

Money highly probable this week! On that tiding this letter was waiting. Now tell me that I'm not a handsome lad.

I'll get I think f 800 or f 1000, or perhaps a little more. But I owe a great deal to P. K.

Be this as it may we can clean the decks and get something for the children.

Dagh angel!

Write Eugenie that there is a chance that we can take her in before long, but alas, then you're leaving Brussels.

Yes, that's an obstacle.

No, write her only to be brave and that we don't forget her.

Note: There are no dates to all the letters to Tine that now follow, besides there is not a one bearing a postmark. I have ranked them to the best of my knowledge, but I was not always able to judge by their contents. "My loveletters are finished."
There is a letter to Mr. Gunst, in which appear the same four words just quoted. That letter is dated August 4 and was in reference to the printing. I surmise that this letter is of an earlier date and that the subject is the Loveletters. MDDS.

XXVIII.

My loveletters are finished.

I am not pleased with it. It contains some lovely passages, but the whole has gone otherwise than I had visualized. So be it!

When I started with Gunst (the publisher) the intention was for him to help me at once to a certain sum: f 1500 or f 2000. That he is very eager to do but he is in debt. He is an easy going (yes, too easy) person, he is careless and not a solid business man. This makes our association an easy going one, but in money matters uneasy.

I have much to do.

Again everything has run otherwise than I thought. I had to get enough money so we could stay together. I'm still aiming at it. Gunst hasn't, but is willing. Be this as it may I think of grand things and am in a happy mood. And you too must have courage. Too bad that Meyer, the bookdealer at the Vygendam isn't rich. He would be the most sturdy suppor available. He is entier.(All, Tr.)

XXIX.
Tuesday morning. 10-11 o'clock.

Lovely dearest Tine.

Yesterday I sent you (insured) f200, to enable you to move, the time of warm weather and thawing out being near. Now it is possible. Act the best way you can. Yes, let our big boy go fishing, but first inform yourself if a license is needed. And also learn about bait, but not live, no worms. I believe in soft bread with a little cheese. I really think that there is nothing pretty in it. Rather something false, but if you call his attention to that he'll become sentimental and too weak. But let Nonnie too do something. I suggest that you hire man with a boat, but then take the charwoman along to look after Edu and you after nonnie. Don't you think? I'm sort of nervous about it, although I approve.

Worry no longer now about the f 50.- For the moment you have enough.*

*)Once, in order to hurry, Dek had sent f 50.- to Brussels un-registered, in a letter that never arrived. This, apparently, happened about this time. MDDS.)

First of all buy clothes and shoes. For that's possible now to be sure. But first move. After a while you'll be stuck again. I think you do not need to figure me in if you rent rooms. That makes the choice easier. But, love, I certainly would like to see you take a maid again. I do flatter myself that our position will improve. As I'm determined to write. What a pity that Gunst is hard up. He would like to give me thousands but he is forced to scout around to borrow some money for himself. He is very eager, as on the publication of my writings he earns as much again as he gives me. I really asked him for f 1500.- but he does not have it. I do think though that after a month I can

get money as he fears to see me go elsewhere.

As always I still hope to come home soon. But I must quickly return here in order to work. I have much to do. Very much! As soon as I can I'll start a periodical that must become a power in the nation. But first I must have money to put an end to a few things that bother me. I think I'll succeed! Have no fear or anxiety. I want to get into a position where everything is rehabilitated, but not through others. I must do it myself. You will see. I am confident.

I cannot describe Siet. I just received a letter -I haven't read it yet. She is an energetic intelligent girl. She fits into my plan, I can use her, believe me. She is the only one whom I can use as a help in my writing. That must seem strange to you, but it is so. I do not speak now of infatuation or something like that, but I am sure that she as a "clerk in the editing of my periodical" would be worth gold. She is congenical and has style. I know no one (either man or woman, so there is no question here of anything else) whom I would prefer to work with and for me. I have letters from her that show me that she is the only one to whom after some time I shall be able to say: you should write that! What do you think of that in a girl 19 years old? My periodical must give me power, money will follow. I am certain of success and the ministers etc. will tremble, that I promise you. If Loudon had answered me it would have been a bargain. Be assured Tine!

I still have not read Siet's letter. The last words are "greetings before all to Everdine, to Everdine before all." She is indeed sincerely for you, believe me. I assure you that it is no artificiality, She has

caught all the impressions I gave her about you.

Little heart, I do not feel like continuing. I want to come! Cheerio, and before all think of something the children would enjoy. Do not be niggardly with them. Oh, that little man with his bucket for the fish.

Now I'm wishing that forgod's sake the £ 200 have arrived on time. At long last one becomes afraid.

I have read Siet's letter. She writes quite heartily about you. "I like you and more and more separate myself from that crowd. Quite attached I have never been to them. My desire has always been to get out of there. Please greet E. very heartely and tell her I am not insipid, my Abr. blood (a droplet) will not rise again, I hope it's gone for good."

And then at the end again: before all greet Everdine.

I have courage. True, things haven't gone again the way I hoped(£ 1500 in one sum) but I'll get there. Cheerio and have some fun. Let boredom go the way it should. What do you think of a ride to Waterloo? It's such a nice bus that goes there.

Personally I have no taste for any such things. Bad and beautiful weather is all the same. I do think though that I prefer bad weather to all that heat. No, it's too tiresome with the children.

About the lost £ 50, I'll write in Eff. blad. It happens frequently. Hope to god that you have the £200 by now. That in truth would be a calamity!

Above all kiss the children for me and tell I sent them. My god, take care that the do not become estranged. I will come home.

XXX.

Saturday morning 10-11 o'clock.

Lovely angel. Just now I got your letter of yesterday 4 o'clock.

You ask me what you must choose. That is very difficult. If that quartier chaussee d'Ixelles would please you, I would go along. The Park might suit you for garden. I'm afraid you'll be too lonely at Ruysbroek. Rent what you like. How can I decide. Sorry you ask me. You are aware that I cannot judge as well as you can. Now, since you are waiting for an answer I would advise.... why no, I cannot advise you. Since I do not know how you feel about Ruysbroek.

Love, how you put me in a difficult position. This is certain, you cannot await the month of August because of the fumes. I advise Ruyssb.... or the quarters at the Ch. d'Ixelles. Health comes first and afterward we can see further. But if you were pleased with Ruysbroek....

Love, do it yourself!

I would like to wire you, but what? I could wire you nothing but: "do what you think is right," and that you know already.

I'm in a good mood, but very busy.

I've mailed you sheets 9 and 10. So those too are gone. 'Tis infamous. I think I'll write you tomorrow again. Once more I'm confused about coming home. I'll explain you why. I'm longing like anything but it's well for me to remain here in order to get more money. If I leave, the chance is smaller. Besides, I must write, at once, with speed.

So for gods sake do what suits you best. How can I decide? I am unhappy because you await my decision.

The idea of you coming here agitates me. I fear that you --no, no, it's much too dear here and too dignified.

For the love of Pete rent something and be patient. I really do not grasp how you can press me so to write in a hurry about that moving. You should have handled that yourself. How can I know? Be independent. I do not want to hear more about it till you say: I have moved! Kiss the children.

XXXI.

Friday morning.

Lovely dearest heart! I have your letter of Tuesday (you were planning to go to the bois de la Cambre the next day, which pleased me very much.) But I really had hopes to get a letter this morning about that excursion. Day before yesterday I was with you in my thoughts the entire day and I saw the children in the woods. Perhaps I'll get a letter this afternoon.

Dearest, enclosed a small picture. I still have a few more but must keep some here as they have to serve as aid to a painter who wishes to make my portrait. That is the artist on page

(left open)

of the Loveletters.

His beloved is a true angel. I hope that you will get acquainted with her and I'm sure that you'll think her the most lovely girl you ever met. Again an amourette, you think? Oh no. But I think she is very lovely, that's true. The way I see her she is just your genre, simple and straightforward.

He and she often call for me to take stroll together. She has known suffering (through a bankruptcy of her father) and she can relate about aunts the way you do about your grandmother. When they marry they will go

to Brussels and pay us a visit. He too is a very handsome, liberal, robust person and total artist. Too bad that he might be a little neater in the way he dresses.

That the publication of the Loveletters is so tardy has its reason. They are not supposed to come out before the departure of the landmail. At the moment Gunst has not got the money to send 500 copies to the Orient (freight landmail) and that's why he waits.

You'll probably get the last of it tomorrow, that has been ready quite a while but was held up.

Siet returned yesterday. All the usual. She is aching for freedom, and her attachment to me is considered a crime.

Theo is threatened with boarding school (Just the thing, I would think if he would not have to promise to quit his adherance to me.) He has been unwilling to promise this and now, after all, nothing will come of it. I guess because of the marbles. Since all ideas, virtue, principles, etc. etc., of that people bounce off on money.

The artist's beloved always sends you her hearty greetings. She likes you very much, just as does everybody. You see! For that you may thank me partly. Every one among our acquaintances thinks you a fine girl, but others know it only through me, and they believe it, you see!

I delay mailing this letter till I hear from you.

Saturday morning.

I have your letter of yesterday. I am real happy with the report of the spree. That Edu always seems to find some one who helps him; first with

angling, now with rowing. I think it very nice that they have so much fun.

Yes, love, materially I am treated quite well. That Mynhardt and his entire family are so as I haver seen. He is indeed one of the most straightforward, intelligent, decent men I know. Instead of being surly and stiff, he is congenial. Briefly, as for that I know of no better.

I still have money. Before, when I did not have any now and then, I still could eat well, yes so well that I could not wish for better, and hundreds of times I think: I should like to eat here with Tine and the children. At Weyer, that is, (Peter --Jonge graaf. Across from Polen, you were there a couple of times with me). *

*) Poolsche Koffiehuis was only an inn and cafe. No dining there. At that time and for years after, Dek often went to eat at the "Jonge Graaf", currently Cafe Suisse, which formerly must have belonged to Peter, but at that time Weyer must have been the owner. MDDS.)

I can eat there as long as I want, without paying. But that's not the case now. I still have money. Thusly,all is quite well materially.

What matters is that through the discomforture of Gunst (the publisher) I failed to reach my goal. Originally he was willing, but cannot now. He and Meyer on Vygendam are the only publishers who are able to publish my works, it's now....*

*)So far the first page of this letter, the second page is lacking. But on a loose piece of paper is stated):

A little while ago some one said in jest: will you bet f 1007 I said: if Meinhardt will pay for me. He was playing cards and cried: Most assuredly! This from the mouth of him who as a host knows his guest, is well indeed. And every one of the clientele here is polite and congenial. But outside I am under violent attack.

XXXII

Saturday.

Dearest. I think it's sinfull that I reply so sporadically to your lovely inspiring letters. I have your letter of yesterday. You don't know how much work you do by being busy with the children and describing so muvh to me about it. Be convinced that you are doing more than earning money. Those letters from you have such a beautiful influence on my mood, and are a real need for me. Just think that you do a useful job alone by writing to me.

Dearest, I have much to do. Not that I accomplish much as having much to ponder about. I also have to pay attention to the effect of the M. B.

One thing I must tell you and then you will grasp what mills through my head. I intend nothing more or less than issuing millions of treasure notes on Insulinde. You realize that this is worth its while keeping me busy. I trip over daily difficulties the same as ever, but keep my courage and hope.

At the moment I am unable to send you any money yet, but am thinking about it. I am always astonished at your ability to hold out. For me f 10.- is f 1.- and for thee f 1.- is ten. Your letters make me very happy. I live much these days, intellectually and morally, you realize that my love, but besides that dead-innocently.

I get so much fun out of Edu. Oh, he will strive past Nonnie. Would you think that Edu is getting bossie? Now and then I've looked upon him as being too soft. Also you must consider his playing bossie where he has no opposition. He really should (in a certain sense, but not at all times) play with boys who oppose him. But that can wait.

Enclosed a most lovely letter from Siet to you. I a m sorry that in accordance with our agreement I am not supposed to send you her letter to me. You could learn from that how she is terrorized and abused. That stepmother shuts the night lock on the door and puts the key in her pocket, because Siet will not promise not to visit me. You have no idea of the malice with which I am attacked in that family. She is scolded as if she were a common tramp, canaille etc, and it is spread everywhere that she is a common creature. Now she refuses to be baptized and confirmed. You realize what a noise that causes. Have I already written you that Ds. van der Goot has paid me a visit. Her dominie who has said at the cathechization that she is as proud as her uncle E.

Siet is indeed an intelligent girl. She writes me about belief and people's opinions. 'Tis indeed a joy how straight she (19 years) calls those things by their name. I am convinced that she is destined to become a person not dependent on marrying a grocer. Most certainly she will be able to look after herself. If only she were out of that crazy, stiff, hindering environment.

You wrote her to do nothing eccentric. Good. But if you had to listen to and experience all that she encounters, then you had run away long ago! Now I have advised her on the contrary not to give in to anything and defend herself strongly. To give you a proof of how she is treated when in one thing or another she does not follow the desire of her stepmother (to knit, sew, etc.) she is charged with not earning her keep, that her father slaves for her, etc, etc. They also threaten to tell everywhere that she is a common slut (and that they do!).

Just think, love, that she and I have looked after ourselves well. We have been very modest and all that has occurred between us is respectable (so called). We have taken a stroll together three or four times and twice she has paid me a visit at my room very innocently and simply. Now her stepmother and her uncles tell no more nor less that she is a low sunken creature that visits gentlemen at their rooms. This they do in a manner which makes every stranger think that she is a wh.... Isn't that infamous?

Siet is definitely compromised, and not because of something that she or I have done, but because of the slander from her relatives. Uncle Koo started it all. I have written him and also Siet's father a letter which is strong. I shall let you read it. I've kept a copy of it.

It's our duty to support Siet and, mark you, even if our financial position does not improve (I hope it does!) even then there will be no obstacle to it. She will help me writing and dealing. She is completely able to assist me also in a financial way. My mind is too occupied with other things than much production (professional writing). A hundred times a day it occurs that I feel I need help. "Take note of this! Write that down. Work that out!" etc.

One sheet of print has a certain value. Well now, with Siet I can produce three times as much than I can alone. I see her able to become my private secretary. I wished that I were allowed to let you read her latest letter, you would see how even now she is ready and knows how to write about Ideas.

But for a while yet she must read and train herself. That requires

freedom, and that freedom she must demand. She is being reproached for accepting board from her parents. Exactly, she has answered, that's why I want to improve myself so I can earn my own board, (history of Thugather!).

That poor Theo has allowed himself to be talked into giving his word that he would not visit me any more. I fear, I fear that he will pine away. But with him things will be more difficult than with Siet. He is only 14 and so still a child. I cannot advise him to take a stand. Now he is oppressed. I fear for him.

Dear heart, I would like so much that yould allow me to send something occasionally from your letters to Siet. Are you afraid to let me decide what is permissable and what is not? It would benefit her from a viewpoint of living conception. She would learn from it how one is noble and good without those whims of God, devil, etc. How liberty works favorable. Your entire tone is exactly so as I would have her read.

But if, as a result, you would start writing differently, then I confess that it would not be right. I also confess that there are things that should not be revealed, one feels that. But there's your writing about the children. Just now I wrote a short letter to Siet (she gets my letters at Meyer · at the Vygendam, if she is allowed to or can go out) and in it I wrote her that I had a letter from you and felt sorry that I was not allowed to forward it. (Nota bene, I am sorry too that I am not allowed to send you her recent letter to me.)

But I tell her about the children and Edu's phrase about "tenir parole!" (funny!) You see thusly there are things that are comical. Besides, she worships you.

Listen. You are a foolish girl. 'Tis so funny your always saying: one more! And when I have an amourette (just now I have.... let me se.... four!) then you'll always see that it resembles you. I can assure you that Siet is interested as much in you as in me. And still you complain.

The Public too likes you, and much more than they do me. And in years to come it will certainly be said in all biographies that you are my idol. Can't you see it? And then you complain! You are a thankless girl.

Without me giving it a thought you have become the main figure in the Loveletters. Faber, the lawyer, called my attention to it (he is quite subtle) how through the poetical conception of Fancy I held you high. (That was quite natural, and I told the truth the way a child does, or an inebriate.) Do you know how that is apparent? Fancy is you in person, intimate, identical. She (the will, the power, the energy and the fantasy) she is confidential with you, and me she gulls. To you she is an ally, to me mistress. Do you feel that, lovely, dearest angel, my Tine. I gave it no thought, but 'tis so. Fancy writes to you as an equal, to me as an inferior. To you she tells the truth, with me she plays.

Oh, now I see that there is much in it. More than I knew. But if ever you complain again, then you are an angry gal. Then I will send Edu, the strong man, at you.

Oh Tine, let me be, you'll never lose by it.

You know how all my emotions run mixed, playfulness and earnestness, "business" and poesy, etc. All connected. Well now, you must realize that in a certain sense I need "adolescents" who attach themselves to me. I consider Siet in the event it were needed, capable of dying for me. That's not needed thank god, but our life of stirring is just beginning in the

sense that the ugly, little daily cares will, I hope, soon come an end, and that our concerns will move unto larger terrain. That pleases me. But for that I need support and help. I must have adherents, not in numbers, but of strength and "esprit de sacrifices" of consequence. Let me be, lovely angel. Kiss the children, I'm longing for home. When I think about home in the evening, I cannot catch sleep. Edu will get a picture, and so will Nonnie, you hear. I want to have pictures made of all of you. Oh, I am longing so, dagh dearest Tine, cheerio.

XXIII.

Tine, dearest, just now I received your letter of yesterday. The previous one was partly to Siet. I have given it to her; she is quite happy with it. But love, I must say myself now that giving letters to her is not right since I perceived plainly that you write quite differently and that, naturately, is wrong. So I won't do it any more, count on it. What difference did I perceive? Well, my latest letter was real hearty, wasn't it. Now you too write heartily, but I imagine still not like it would have been otherwise, in answer to my letter. So I shall not do it again, since I will not do without your writings.

I am terribly miserable because I want to go home and cannot. I want to absolutely. It's making me nervous. You must realize that it's not because I haven't the fare, but I would like to pay up here, and that amounts to quite a sum. Gunst has no money. He is trying his best to get some, but one week passes after another. I am tired of it. I am already in debt to him, which makes it difficult to approach others. Not a day passes but I hunt for something in one way or another. I have a little hope now, and then again not, as usual.

I am longing to go home and have plainly told Gunst that I will not work for him before I've been home. So that was agreed upon.

Besides my deep desire to come home there is still another reason that is of importance. I really should not let myself be seen here. If I had a private abode then it would be different, but in such an inn and cafe where every one can enter, I am stared at too much. Everybody addresses me. I am quite bothered by it, and that depreciates me.

I do nothing but ponder how I can get away. And that causes me to lose the urge to write.

Of the impact of the loveletters I can write but little yet. In a little paper at The Hague it is asked: what is it he wants? That question I consider stupid. For the time being I shall not answer.

I expect heavy attacks, that you realize. You grasp that I have malicious enemies, but that's nothing.

Siet is faithful to me, but that's really not light! You have no idea how I am assailed in that clique. She is now in a state of defense. I must tell you that after numerous efforts to make her promise that she would not visit me, they have locked her up at last because she has frankly said that she would not renounce me. Besides, she is deeply attached to you. Her family nauseates her and she wants to join us at the first opportunity. She is so resolved that she constantly thinks of running away.

I must also tell you that Theodoor's stepmother has pressed for a promise not to visit me, lest he be sent to a boarding school. (He dreaded that, principally because he feared to leave Siet.) I sent him a message by

Siet that he was wrong, that I thought a boarding school was good. Now he has told them that he took back his word, so that tomorrow he goes to the boarding school (near Nymwegen).

Siet, a few days since, by being firm, has won out in so far that she may go out (in respectability) if she so pleases,so that we have taken a stroll a couple of times. Then, upon returning home she is called all kinds of things.

Catherina has been quite remolded in The Hague, and cries about of Siet, although formerly, the same as Siet does now, she used to complain about her father being so insipid and boring. So you have no idea of the gêne, the dryness, the boredom.

Siet is straightforward and and true, her family is forced to appreciate that. she is a lovely, congenial maiden, but very fiery. I am aware that this does not attract you, but me it does, and no doubt you will be just in your judgment about that, won't you? She relies very much on your judgment, and when it comes to giving an opinion or an impression, asks what you woul d say about it. Yes, I too wished that she could be with you, and if at all possible (money!) I would make work of it. I think that her father would give his consnet when seeing that she insists.

Siet has said frankly that she wants to belong to me, not in order to please me, but of her own will, provided that you approve of it. Yes, she has gone so far as to say that I should ask you. In that trust I can see much that is lovely. But I told her that you comprehended everything and would not disdain her even though she might not approve of it, but that I would not expect you to advise it. Of course you cannot, and I would first be certain that we can take care of her before giving my consent.

It's very well that you have all possible enjoyment with the children.

I am in great difficulty trying to come home. Oh, that cursed lucre! I cannot leave here (in good standing) without paying. I have been disappointed so often that I dare not talk about it more, but when I think of home I become sad.

Take care, I too do so. Write me goodheartedly. I shall not let anyone read it.

XXXIV.
Wednesday. (September?)

Dearest Tine. I have your letter of Monday morning with the story about all the"galavanting" last Saturday and Sunday. Lovely. Oh, that does me so good. You write everything so lovely, but dearest, if it becomes perhaps too much trouble to describe everything in such detail, you should not do it. True it is that for me it's a deep joy being able to follow what you do with the children, but it must not become a task, you hear! And also do not think that I am not interested when I do not react to everything. I am busy trying to reach a goal.

Once for all let me explain how I need a certain sum of money in order to be able to assert myself. Now Gunst is more than willing to supply it, but it depends on contributions. Till now, instead of succeeding, I have only been able (and mostly with difficulty) to get enough for the needs of the moment (for instance the recent remittance of f 100 the last of August). Now this is in so far good because we are not living in fear, but I want to have a couple of thousand guilders to bring one thing and another in good order (aunts, Den Helder, etc. etc.) Then I would come home and discuss with you where to locate and settle down a nd from then on assail the government, and not being all the time hard-up as now.

Besides, I will not go from here without paying generously for lodging. For that alone I need f 400.- They would let me go without paying, but I don't want that. It is of double importance that this Meinhardt will welcome me upon my return. Then, in the event of need I will always have a refuge. I know that it is uncertain if I will succeed in getting the desired f 1000 or f 2000. Promises aplenty! But if I go from here it will certainly not succeed! To come home for one or two days is terribly hard on me.

Effect of the Loveletters I do not have yet. I realize that public opinion is scared. My guess is that they neither dare concur or let me down, and middle of the road is impossible. People are shy. Also I expect complete concurrence to take some time. It's essential to read them more than once. Here and there it has depth incomprehensible to the common run of the public, and others neither immediately. Loveletters is a work needing commentaries, just as the Faust of Goethe. Such a work cannot be digested on the spot. It is too strange, you see!

Now I think that reviewers feel this and mistrust themselves. Besides, a certain amount of courage is needed to concur with me, and courage is rare.

If I succeed in collecting f 1000 or f 2000 I shall know exactly what to do, and believe I will be able to put a radical ending to our miserable position. Worst is that Gunst himself is in arrears and has difficulty keeping going. He is just as eager as I am since He earns enough on my writings to get back in shape. Other book sellers, who have more money are willing as for the speculation, oh, very much so! But they dare not print all I write. One is afraid for the clientele

he might lose, the other wears a white tie and is an elder, making it a drystubble affair. Meyer at the Vygendam also would be willing, but he too has no money. He has difficulty holding his head above water because he is everywhere obstructed by the devout. Because he, the same as I, has declared not to be a Christian. He and I are close friends.

To keep you informed of all the combinations which I continually make in order to succeed, would take too long. It's just as with a person who has fallen in a whole in the ice and who wants to work himself up on the side which keeps breaking off. But, as you know, I don't give up!

Many thanks for your latest letter. Yes, I am quite aware that you will be heartily for Siet, above all when you hear what she has had to suffer for my sake.

When lately I got a rather insulting letter from Fuhri, I replied: I can well comprehend that you would like to have your money. I too would that the nation and certain individuals who owe me infinitely more, paid me. But it's unreasonable that I must receive such letters act as if it is of no concern to them. By this I refer you to mister Van Twist. Tell him that it is his fault that I am considered poor pay and that he passes for respectable etc., etc.

From another source I hear that Fuhri has shown my letter to D.v.T. which I had invited him to do. I have received no reply, and when I get another dunning, I'll do the same again.

'This indeed unreasonable that all that crowd lives comfortably and that we have to struggle so.

I have no fear of the final outcome. Fortunately there is no anxiety at the moment and I have a little peace of mind. The more independent I feel, the better.

Yes, when I come home I'll go strolling with Non, that I promise her. Tell her that and above all tell the children that papa
(this last word is scratched)
that D e k likes to come very much, but cannot yet. Listen: that you have allowed yourself to be mama-ized is your business, but I prefer to be calledDek. That's more natural, I think. I do not comprehend your objection to the children calling you Tine. I think it's lovely, tender and so familiar.

Siet writes me that she wants to go for a stroll with me tomorrow afternoon, and to invite Cath along! Just because C. is so boringly bothersome. I haven't seen C. yet since her return from The Hague. She avoids me because she is afraid that I'll tell her the truth, and chances for that are good.

Dagh, lovely Tine. Ay, you complain about my letter, and did you realize how badly you have done with your climb-up-history? That is false.

Dagh children. Dagh my Non and Edu.

Cheerio Tine and take care of yourself will you? Dagh my girl, my Tine. Cheerio!

XXXV.

Wednesday.

Lovely best heart! I've waited a few days with writing. As always I waited for good news,for a result (I know nothing yet). Always remember

that you have more to write about than I do. Your writing about the children and innocent gallavanting always cheers me up, while my drudging and worming is boring. Yes, it isn't even good that I always tell everything, which is impossible anyhow. Day by day I have different impressions, different perpectives. My mood changes time upon time and you yourself are aware how miserable it must be for me sending letters out full of hope, then disapoointment comes. The reverse too is saddening. When I'm in a bad mood and write in such a fit, you will feel the effects of it the day after. You know how I hurry (when I have something really good -the main thing is always money-) how I then hurry to convey it to you.

Bitter disappointing it is that Gunst cannot raise money. Worst of all is that I am tied up with him through what he has successively has gotten for me. This makes it so difficult to approach others, but my need for money remains. It runs in a circle. I must have money so I can work, and in reality I should work to get money. That's difficult at the moment because of my desire to go home first and must. I become agitated when I think of you and the children. Besides, I am bored here. I want to go.

Now to describe to you all the efforts I think up and put in motion is impossible. You know how that goes. I walk and sit pondering entire days. If something succeeds I hurry to let you know. The main thing is I want to go home. Now realize what I need for that: 1$^{0}_{0}$ to pay up here (otherwise I'll cut off my return entirely) and then a little in hand in order not to get into immediate need. But still I am hoping, so do not

get desponded.

Your desire to know the effect of the loveletters is natural. But people are afraid. In a Hagueian rag I was severely assailed, but in the Utrecht and Midelburger Courants defended. I am sending you those. But mark how the Utr. and Midd. Courants, who all in all are in favor of me, by reserving syntax try to cover themselves, and thereby exactly prove what the Middelburger says: "the day has by long not dawned that one dares to sit down to a quiet drawing of conclusions."
(Nota Bene, 'Tis no small thing to write so that reviewers, who as a rule are rather vain, dare not pronounce their verdict!)

But mark now that just that wavering, that fear makes me strong. If the loveletters did not make a deep impression, people would not be so afraid to mention it. But at last it will burst out. Something like that must have time to form. The M. H. (which is much simpler) too was not grasped at once. In the Midd. C. I have marked +++ where the reviewer uses a syntax or reserve!

'Tis funny!

But last night I got a note from Gunst whereby he 1º offers me a manuscript of a review for the Dageraad, very favorable, but I find little talent in it, and the writer wanders too much to terrains which really do not touch the loveletters. So be it. But favorable it is. When it is published I'll send you the Dageraad. 2º He writes me that some people in Rotterdam are planning to direct an address to the 2nd Chamber to call its attention to the M. H. and the Loveletters. Composer will be mister I.T.Distillieux.

More than that I do not know about it. Neither what effect that will have. But one thing is certain, if that happens addresses of that kind reach the newspapers and the loveletters shall everywhere be discussed, causing widespread agitation.

But all of it gets me less than what I am in need of: money! When I have that I will start the necessary agitation myself.

All that you write me about the children touches me deeply. Yes, it's great to let Edu learn gymnastics, it's a most useful thing? I wished that you would first take a look. We can, of course, afford those 12 fr. a month. Where everything comes from that too will. Soon there will be more needed for the lovely boy. Yes, I hope we will soon have the means to start with music. Non too must learn gymnastics later on. But, listen, I would like, before Edu begins, to let his navel be examined. I still fear that there is something wrong with it. A little while ago I learned that so many children get navel ruptures because the cord is cut too short. That.... *

*) The rest of the paper is torn off here; I have failed to find a fitting piece. MDDS.

XXXVI *

*) A half a sheet of letter paper from the middle of a letter sans beginning or ending. MDDS.

.... that she still hopes that I shall soon be able to go home to be with you. Now this is not a witness whom I call in, you hear. But it's true that I get sad when I think about it. In the meantime I must artificiality set it aside.

I have no desire to work. Going home comes first. It's really saddening.

These days I just walk around and ponder. Am I, after the loveletters, not entitled to a little rest and recreation?

That person Veenstra duns me for the money he advanced me last year. He has gained in one year's time between 300.000 and 400.000 guilders. Can you imagine how it is possible for any one to demand money from me after reading the loveletters? It goes over my head.

Fuhri too wrote recently. I directed him to Duymaer van Twist, but I haven't heard from him since.

If I acted in accordance with my mood I should run to the train right now, but what would I begin if I came home without money? Once more, I can stay here yet a little while without paying, but if I depart without paying, I would not be able to come back. Where would I go then? Getting money comes first. I might issue notes on the treasury of Insulinde, but that too requires money, (engraving, printing, etc.) Besides, with that too I must wait a while as by then all chances for a third party will be past, as you understand. As soon as I would do that all Holland would turn against me.

I struggle and ponder the entire day. I am quite aware of what I must do, that is I must obtain money, and that I will do. But what puzzles me is: how? Also, the matter above all is: I do not want to be here if there happens to be a calling-up, that hinders me. So that, in order to do that calling-up I must first have money to get away.

I am quite happy because your letter is so cheerful, that's always good for me. Kiss the lovely kids. Thank Edu and Non for their letter. Dagh my good Tine. Miss Koopman (my painter's fiance) is off to Haarlem. That's

an angel of a girl. She always sends you her greetings. She realizes and feels everything. Dagh, lovely, good Tine. When I shall have money, I'll come at once.

XXXVII.

Friday morning.

Dear, lovely heart! Yesterday I received your letter of Wednesday. You write very lovely about the children but, love, how did you get grievances against me? I am not aware whether you are teasing me or are in earnest, but it does bother me. Either way you would not have written thusly, in realization of the struggle I have. If my fellow beings had conspired to harrass and torment me they could not have acted otherwise. I am nervous and tired. 'Tis true that it is not Gunst's fault that he cannot help me to money, as per our agreement, but building on it has done me much harm. After finishing the loveletters I would receive £ 1500. I had postponed paying for my lodging and many other things. Even the contents (and above all the ending) of the Loveletters was based on it. After the Loveletters I waited from day to day. Repeatedly I was put-off, but always with the assurance that it would soon happen. I waited and waited, did nothing but wait. I omitted to think of taking other measures and meanwhile did nothing. Now at last it has become clear to me that Gunst is incapable. The people who had promised money are either unwilling or unable to give. My bill for lodging has gone sky high. Mynhardt needs money. In other directions too I have been compelled to make commitments. All of that falls on top of me now. It would be a task in itself to tell you each time and continually of all my efforts, how I repeatedly have new hope, and how each time it is dashed. I am deeply troubled. I want to go home but cannot. The money for the trip I can

get, but what would you and I feel like if I came home without money and so I would have to depart the next day to procure it? Besides, (as I counted on Gunst) I repeatedly told Mynhardt that I would not leave Amst. before paying him. My bill now is £ 530!

The worst of it is that I cannot, as was my plan, to continue the Loveletters. My intention was to take a little rest with you and then work for four or six months undisturbed. In all that time,instead of resting to get in the mood to work, I've done nothing but worry from day to day. 'Tis hard indeed!

The impression of the Loveletters I cannot well judge. For godsake do not demand that I tell you of all the impressions that I receive of it. You may well grasp that the god-worship people are angry (including van Straten). Others are scared. The Dageraad renders an article (so called favorable) but its author speaks for 7/8 part about something quite alien to the Loveletters. Reading Cabinet says that one is obliged to think that all that I say is true, since no one dares to contradict me. The Midd. Courant you have read.

But all of that is not cogent. You insist on the effect of the loveletters and that's why I write you that, but the real matter is that I must procure money. The effect of the loveletters must come later.

It's again a sad indication that the piece in the Cape Courant (Handels and Eff. blad) has not been copied by any other daily, at least to my knowledge. It seems to be tactics to remain silent. The Public reminds me of my brother Jan, when he bites his lips.

Your grievances and complaint that you earn nothing -money in fact- hurts me. You do more than I, and your desire to earn money sounds to me as blame.

I do what I can and, as I believe, more than a single human being is capable of. I am dead-tired. So for godsake, keep your grievances to yourself.

I am nostalgic for home, and it saddens me so that it makes me cry. So tease and push me not. You'll say that it is only banter, well now, I'm in no mood for banter.

The public at large does not grasp the loveletters. A few days ago I was invited to dine with a certain mister van Hall (a cousin of the late minister, married to a freule Schimmelpennink v. d. O) he lives with a mistress, a German girl. Behind the invitation lay the M. H., but the loveletters she had not read. The next day I got a short letter. (in German) But I'm sending it on. Try reading it, then you will see that this poor German girl (a mistress!) has grasped the height or tendency at once, and far better than that low, trivial, ignorant, holl. public. She gives a reflection on the song of the cross, at least she feels the deep suffering that airs itself there -and Leeskabinet, that Nota Bene is in my favor, that there are so many amusing stories in loveletters.

Oh, I am deeply, deeply sorrowful!

The little piece of that German girl is a little wild -achwaermerish,- but in any event it shows that she grasps the suffering, and those stupid hollanders prate of amusing stories.

I wished so much that you'd write her a little letter. But I will not tell you what. Don't you have something within yourself to write her since you have read her little piece? I think so! She is quite sensitive and is oppressed by her position; a congenial word from you showing that you appreciate her sympathy for you and me, would do her good. I think that she quite deserves it. She adores you which, for that matter, is the general impression of the M. H. and the loveletters. People ask about you everywhere! But with some, that too is hypocrasy. It is done in order to accuse me of causing such a lovely, noble woman to be unhappy; paraphrase it: so as to have a pretext not to hold out a helping hand! I have no word for my contempt of the dutch people, 'tis cattle!

I would like to assist you in that short letter to that girl, but I am tired.

I get so sad when I think of home.

Oh my droll Edu with his funny talk./Do not write me teasing letters. If only I were sure that it was banter, but I keep believing that there is earnest behind it. You say t h e n you loved me, that's not lovely of you.

Siet is lovely and hearty. This week she has to do her examination for assistant teacher. I have omitted to send you a letter from her which lies here for some 10, 12 days. Theodoor is mad because he has been placed in such a poor school. He writes me that the teaching is bad and the association miserable. All of that now is for my moral improvement, he writes. Oh, those parents!

Kiss the lovely, good kids. I cannot think of it. It wasn't for nothing that I had such an oppressed feeling when I left home this time, it lay on my bones that it would take so long. I don't know how I endured it all this time. Dagh, my girl. Do not feel sad when I do not reply immediately.

'Tis so hard for me always to have to disappoint you. When I have something good I write at once, you know that.

When I left home this time I had such an aversion to depart. I arrived in Rotterdam with little money. At home too, there wasn't much. Well now, the task steadily has been to keep you going down there and me here. That goal has been reached with difficulty, but radical recovery I have not yet been able to accomplish. That I had such an aversion to go must have been from fear of freezing in, and that's just what has happened.

Be it so, I always have hope, but I am sorry that I cannot write you anything definite. ' Tis so miserable that G. is incapable. He is willing. But being behind in his commitments obliterates his credit, --that is cogent.*

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*) This letter to Tine is the last in which the Loveletters are discussed. A small indication (taking an examination) makes me suspect that it was written in October.

More letters, which with some ground I might add at this time, I do not have. So I guess that Multatuli a short while after this was able to fulfill his longing for home. We know for certain that through his "To the Publisher", with which he concludes the First Part of: "Free Labor in N. Indies, that he was at Brussels on January 11, 1862.

To conclude this part now follow the letters which Multatuli wrote to Mr. Gunst, publisher of the Loveletters.

XXXVIII.

Dear Mr. Gunst!

Ernest Stern is here -he would like to know when the picture in question can make its appearance. Do you know something about it? I pray thee speed it up a bit! He needs the promised 200 - 300 copies for his installation at Batavia. Do you think it can be ready at the next edition of "De Dageraad"?

Yours

Sunday, 14 April 1861. Douwes Dekker.*

*) This letter is about the picture Mr. Hofstede had drawn for "The Prayer of an inquirer" that would appear in "de Dageraad". (Viz: Letter XVIII end) The draughtsman called himself Ernest Stern. (MDDS).

XXXIX

Sunday morning (undated)

Dear Gunst!

Mr. Weyting wrote me enclosed letter. Scruples!

Last night I paid him a visit and read the Introduction to my "letters to Fancy" and Mr. Brave said flatly that he could not publish it.

I expected that. Since for the regular book publisher it is too strong. For you or Meyer it would be good and I forecast a large sale.

You have no money at the moment. Good. But can't you get it? Believe me, for you it would be a good deed as well as good business.

Call me Grietje if from those letters to Fancy you will sell less than 2000 copies. I will that they buy it. But money is needed at once. Don't you see a chance? Borrow, promise gain. People do a lot for that.

Best wishes from

Douwes Dekker.

I do not understand your business. See here. When a merchant needs f 400.- in order to buy coffee for cash that will bring him a good profit, can he not get that money?

Tell a moneylender that you'll lose a good deal if you don't have the money today upon my word that after 11 June I shall not give my "letters to Fancy" for f 1000.-

XL.

Dear Gunst.

I really don't have to tell you anything, but I repeat in writing what I have told you: I thank you heartely for your trust. I shall deliver you 10 sheets of copy and soon. The title is "Letters to Fancy" or rather simply:

"Loveletters
by
M u l t a t u l i."

Loveletter will say: my intimate judgment about most of the matters of human knowledge, Chr. dom. Ind. economy, literature etc. 'Twill be an arabesque of emotions.

If you, after 4, 6, 8 or 12 months tell me truthfully that you have lost money by your lovely trust of today, then I remain your debtor for that loss.

Best wishes.

Douwes Dekker.

10 June 1861.

Do not visit me. I am shut in.

I will that they buy my loveletters.

That I change the title is because I let Fancy answer and thusly

they are not letters exclusively to her.

I suggest to you, although that's your business, to proceed at once with the announcement.

The Public expects a scandal in the usual sense. And most of all I do not say that my girl friend is my fantasy. That remains the secret of thinkers.

Let me have my way. I will that in the beginning people will comprehend me wrongly. I will that people say: oh, that poor woman! And thank god I don't have to imagine anything, since I have indeed all kinds of Fancies and fantasies.

'Tis my business and not that of the Public whether my fancies have flesh and bone.

Read Tydspiegel (Times Mirror, Tr.) for once, in which I state that I cannot write. There Fancy makes a brief appearance.

XLI.

Dear Gunst!

Thanks for your lovely letter. I do have much grief, but also much joy.

Yesterday people had slandered me and two young girls were deeply indignant because of the names I had been called. Two fancies, that elevates and strengthens. The same as does your letter. Thanks very much for your offer. I don't need anything yet, but in the event I do, I will let you know.

I ma working hard. You'll get copy tomorrow. It's so that I have to rewrite everything. Neither cat nor dog will be able to make a thing out of my chatter composition. Then the type

setters might curse and I would be bothered by the difficult correction.

Tomorrow copy. I enjoy my job. Greetings to Mister E.

I have not seen S. (Stankard.) And that's very well, as I assume from the word "telegraphing" that his protege lives out of town, making me think that he went there to deliver the money himself.

Your br.

f. h. 10 June 1861. D. D.

XLII.

Dear Gunst!

Would it be feasible to publish at once by subscription and with installments? Do the way you like.

The enclosed will arouse people as first installment.

Let the few Greek words be set in accordance with the "Ilias" which goes with this from.... to.. page 139.

Adieu, t. a. v. D. D.

If this is too little for one installment then I will send you more, but it's exactly the complete introduction.

XLIII.

Sunday morning.

Dear Gunst!

A quantity questions and proposals:

1. Are there any objections to a vignet or rather complete title gravure? I have the subject well in mind. And I would like to write it to Rochussen. What are the costs of it?

Would it be possible to include the costs into the price, if not how much would it be in order to judge whether I can afford it. I have a very intimate reason for this. Postponing.

2. And if I can move Rochussen to sign it gratis, how high are the

costs then of cutting, printing etc.?

3. Is there an objection to me once more correct? Now I see with the 2nd correction how much escaped me with the first one.

4. Request not to add to the title writer of etc. This is one of my vanities. Multatuli must be enough and it shall be enough!

5. When you send me something please let the boy look for me and wait if I have to give something to give along. Now I have to pay a porter each time.

6. Request: Not to include in the dedication Stamkart but

"To Mister.....

Doctor in literature."

Dear Sir.....

The reason is this. I omitted to ask his permission to say that his coat was shiny, etc.

The authenticity of the matter will be apparent anyhow of what he personally adds to it (in accordance with your consent) and it's more delicate for him to reveal his name. I hold this to be more decent.*

*) Dr. Stamkart did not add anything. In connection with what I wrote on page 119 of part IV I see no reason not to print his name here in full, since it has been written in the letter itself. MDDS .)

7. If you do not find me at home in the morning, then send by Meyer.

I'm hammered away from here.

Hearty greetings.
t.t.
Douwes Dekker.

Sunday morning.

Can I not obtain the second sheet of proof? Or has the setting not been finished?

XLIV.

Dear Gunst!

Very well! I won't fail.

I enjoy it.

Can you (without difficulty) give me one more copy of the first sheet?

Proposal: announce in the paper:

In the press: The ..... thousands number of The Prayer of an Inquirer.

That will help sell the loveletters. It goes without saying.

In a little while copy. I would feel ashamed if I did not do my best resolutely. Rest assured.

XLV.

Dear Gunst:

I shall return that first sheet to you, so as not to mix up any copy. The reason I asked for it was that I sent one to my wife and the other to Worthman in order to show him that I had no time to answer his letters.

Please return latest page. I have to change something in that thing.

tt. D. D.

XLVI
(Dated by Mr. Gunst: 4 July 1861)

Dear Gunst!

Copy tomorrow early. You can counton it. Thanks for your note.

Is sheet 3 already printed for <u>good</u>? If not send it to me. I want very much to make a (very) little change in it. You'll think it infantile

but that fish story is not yet right. But if it's printed, never mind!

Hearty greetings,
D.D.

I had expected you and Mr. Ellerman this morning. Very nice that they order so well. As soon as I have fullfilled my duty to you, I will propose to you to enable me to fetch my Fancy (a novel or something) from Brussels.

I am not exactly aware of how much of it is ready.

But first finish this. Do not worry about the peculiar course of those loveletters, à peu près the work will land on its feet, and for Mr. Public it's good enough.

I'll soon become hysterical, that they pay for!

They want me to play the whore -I will play whore, a whore who caresses and tickles.

But I call my customers names! That's something new in the whore business. Adio!

I am very glad that you and mister E. are so well rewarded.... no, that's not the word! I mean that your loyal help will not do you harm. It should always go thusly, but mostly it goes otherwise.

Oh, if it's not too much bother, can I yet one more time to look over the proof? I shall be discreet in making changes. Remember that I correct in such haste.

XLVII.
(Dated by Mister Gunst: 17 July 1861.)

Dear Gunst!

Is there a possibility to print the Golgotha tale so that the lines are not broken. I mean not:

Do not move back and forth and forth my child that
causes me pain.

but:

Do not move back and forth my child that causes me pain.

The reason is this. There is much wildness in my iambes. I purposely crumble here and there (staccato!) but it's just therefore that the typography must come to my rescue in order not to make a break where it's not necessary for effect.

I must absolutely insert a single line here and there. Beg forgiveness from the typesetters. It's not a caprice but a must. That thing will cause much comment and so I stand on it that it become exactly as I mean it.

I am sending you but little copy, not because I have none, but because I'll keep it with me till the last moment. See to it when you notice that the typesetters are running short to send the boy in time.

Hearty greetings.

D. D.

Let it not make you feel sad, when I add a little to the Golgotha tale. 'Tis a thing that will arouse much comment, that you will see.

There is something else that I want to look over (and probably change. I have made a mistake in the local color. Isha ben Joesoef is Arabian and not Hebrew. Now I hear that the Hebr. is Jeshuah ben Jossof.

A propos, Meyer tells me that in German the printed sz when German is printed with Latin letters, changes into ss. That I did not know. Is that so? I must know that for the spelling of Jossof. It states with German letter Joszof.

One more request. Send me a sheet 6 not cut open for the mail to send to my wife. I am returning one that is cut open.

No; also with the discontinued lines of the discourse a space should be left open. Not the remarks at Jochebed in parenthesis. Neither the continuous warning to little Mirjam, but indeed the answer to the question if the crossman's back is red.

There is much of importance in the typographical get-up of that thing, precisely because it's so wild.

XLVIII.

Dear Gunst!

Please send your boy at about noon.

Have you attended to ordering that brochure from Nygh? And have you notified van der Elst? (Bloemmarkt.)

t.t.
D. D.

If at 12 o'clock you don't need copy, then let the boy come at the usual time. He will find the copy on my table

XLIX.
(Dated by mr. Gunst: 4 Aug. 1861.)

Dear Gunst! Behold..... the loveletters are finished. You indeed deserve them for the straightforward manner in which you have acted upon my request to help that "unfortunate father" to f 400. Later dr. S. asked me for still another f 100, which I refused this time. Don't you think it was indiscreet? I hope you may earn a little from those M. B. and I can see 37 printings. But, in the event of a reprint, tell me, so that I can make some necessary changes here and there.

I received from Mister

(name not filled in)

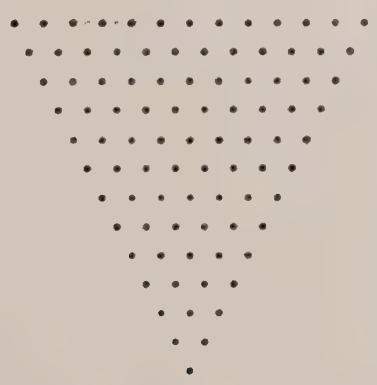
f 500, which I owe you and him. I shall properly make up for it by writing.

First will come: The copy right of the Max Havelaar defended against Mr. J. van Lennep. Yes, you can announce that title. Hearty greetings from

t. a. v.

Douwes Dekker.

Save this letter. ' Twill be a proof that the M. B. are your property. After the story of Mister v. Lennep, to whom I've never sold anything, I am cautious, which is lamentable. I prefer being careless.



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